HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. VII.—No. 336.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

COLONEL GRIERSON, SIXTH ILLINOIS CAVALRY.—From a Photograph by Jacobs, of New Orleans.—[See Page 364.]

COLONEL GRIERSON.

ON the previous page we give a portrait of the now famous COLONEL GRIERSON, of the Sixth Illinois Cavalry, whose magnificent raid through Mississippi has won him such fame. The following is a sketch of the Colonel's life:

Colonel Benjamin H. Grierson is a native of Pennsylvania, having been born in Pittsburg in the month of July, 1827. Consequently he is nearly thirty-six years of age. At a very early age he removed to Trumbull County, Ohio, in which State he resided for nearly fifteen years, and then moved to Jacksonville, Illinois, where he resided when the present war broke out. He was in the produce business; and, to use his own words, "was also a musician," being able to play on any instrument from a jews-harp to a hand organ. Shortly after hostilities commenced he left for Cairo to join a company that had been raised in his town; but on arrival there he went on duty as aid to General Prentiss. When the Sixth Illinois cavalry was organized he was elected Major of that regiment, but remained on detached service as aid to General Prentiss, with whom he served with distinction. On the 28th of March, 1862, when Colonel Cavanaugh resigned, Major Grierson was unanimously elected by the officers to fill his place, and in December, 1862, he was ordered to command the first brigade of cavalry, consisting of the Sixth and Seventh Illinois and Second Iowa regiments. Colonel Grierson, with his command, has been engaged in all the cavalry skirmishes and raids of West Tennessee and Northern Mississippi, and in every affair has been successful. His officers and men worship him almost, and are ready to follow wherever he will lead.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1863.

"Scarcely any paper is doing so much for UNION and LIBERTY as *Harper's Weekly*."—*Boston Commonwealth.*

THE SINEWS OF WAR.

UP to the time we write over $110,000,000 have been subscribed at par to the United States loan known as the "Five-Twenties," and the indications are that by 1st July, when the subscription closes, the aggregate amount subscribed will not fall short of $250,000,000. The people of the United States are of their own accord going day by day to the various treasuries, and lending the Government more money than the war is costing. So liberal are these subscriptions, and so steadily does the money pour in, that Mr. Chase has been enabled to stop the issue of legal-tender paper, leaving the amount afloat about $400,000,000. The chief cause of these large loans to Government is a revival of confidence, and a general belief that we have engaged in the war as a settled business, that we shall go on with it until we accomplish our purpose, and that when that purpose is accomplished no security in the world will compare in value with a United States bond.

The success of our financial policy is the bitterest of all the bitter pills which our enemies are swallowing. At the South it was proclaimed when the war began—and the utterance was widely repeated and indorsed among Southern sympathizers at the North—that the war would ruin the United States, and that grass would grow in our streets. A Southern gentleman, who had entertained these views, and who spent the last two years at the South, arrived last week in Philadelphia; when he saw around him the evidences, not of ruin and decay, but of increased activity, business, and prosperity, and compared them with the melancholy scenes he had just witnessed in his own country, he burst into tears over the execrable folly which caused the war.

Abroad, the opinion was unanimous, when the war began, that we were all going to "smash up" in a few weeks. The money writer of the London *Times*, who has been the most malignant and unscrupulous of our defamers, said, in May or June, 1861, in a letter to the *Commercial Advertiser* of this city, that the true friends of the United States in England—among whom he counted himself—were determined to prevent the negotiation of a United States loan in London, from the conviction that without money from Europe "this insane war" would come to an end in ninety days. Similar opinions were expressed in the letters of every leading London banker and merchant to his correspondent here. When the year 1861 passed without an attempt being made to negotiate a loan abroad, a good deal of astonishment and disappointment was felt by these "friends of the United States;" but the London *Times* writer consoled himself by proving once a week, to his own satisfaction, that our financial system was all wrong, and that we must collapse within a few weeks. These cheerful prophecies were repeated at intervals, and re-echoed in the minor press, and by the politicians of England, throughout the year 1862. British exasperation at the financial independence of this country found vent in vile abuse of Mr. Chase, and loud warnings of our impending ruin. As, however, at the close of that year, we had neither collapsed, nor stopped the war for want of money, nor gone to London to beg, a change came slowly over European sentiment. In spite of the warnings of our "friend" of the London *Times*, some far-sighted Englishmen began to invest money in United States Bonds; and early in 1863 representatives of German and French bankers formally proposed to Mr. Chase to take a new loan of $100,000,000. They were at once politely informed that the United States Government did not contemplate any negotiations abroad, and that foreigners who desired to invest their money in our securities must purchase them in this market. Such astonishing language from a finance minister, whose system, according to all sound British rule and precedent, ought to have broken down two years before, drove the London *Times* and our other "friends" to a pitch of frenzy. But the *Times* writer was equal to the emergency. He immediately announced that Mr. Chase had sent agents to London to negotiate a loan of $50,000,000, and proceeded, in grave terms, to warn the people who had just subscribed to the cotton loan against the folly of taking United States securities. Of course there was not the least shadow of foundation for the statement. No person whosoever has been authorized by our Government to sell a dollar's worth of bonds abroad. But the lie served its purpose for a time, and helped to keep up the delusion that our finances needed foreign aid.

What exasperates these Englishmen more than any thing else is, that while the entire upper crust of society, including all the leading journals, appears to be thoroughly devoted to the Southern cause, and heartily bent on believing and propagating every imaginable falsehood about us, our cause, and our condition, the British masses sturdily refuse to be deceived. The emigration from Great Britain to this country is double what it ever was before. Instead of two steamers a week, four have been put on the lines from Liverpool and Queenstown, and all classes of sailing vessels are sailing with full passenger lists. The Irish papers say that the railways are doing a fine business in carrying emigrants to the sea-ports. And worst of all, as the emigrants walk to the quays to embark, "the trade unions escort them with bands, and the crowd gives three cheers for the United States, and three groans for the British Government."

Under these circumstances we think we can let our "friend" of the London *Times* and his confederates lie about us to their heart's content.

SYMPTOMS OF CAVING-IN.

COLONEL GRIERSON, the man who rode 800 miles through the rebel country, and brought his command out safe at Baton Rouge, said, on meeting his friends, that nothing had surprised him more than the utter hollowness of the rebellion. It was, as he expressed it, a mere crust—an empty shell. A similar remark was made by that *Herald* correspondent who was taken prisoner at Fredericksburg and carried to Richmond. He said that the rebellion was a mere sham, with fair outward appearance, but nothing but rottenness and decay within; and that the rebels themselves were waiting for a good excuse to give up a contest in which they had long since lost faith and heart.

The opinions thus formed by intelligent observers, from a survey of general facts and indications, bid fair to be confirmed by practical evidence before very long, especially if Vicksburg falls. In no less than three States of the pretended Southern Confederacy, and those three not the least powerful, measures of reconstruction are now actually in progress.

In North Carolina there is no attempt to conceal the growing hostility which prevails between the controlling party in the State and the rebel Government at Richmond. Governor Vance, who was accused of Unionism before his election, and probably owed a good many votes to the accusation, permits his organ to threaten Jeff Davis with the withdrawal of 80,000 North Carolina troops from his army, and to openly discuss the advantages of a withdrawal from the rebel Confederacy. If these are the views of the party in power in the Old North State, an argument like the fall of Vicksburg or the defeat of Lee would certainly embolden some at least of the Governor's friends to begin to inquire whether, after all, the old Union did not answer better than its pseudo-successor. We should expect to hear some such inquiry from such a man as John A. Gilmer, of Goldsborough.

In Louisiana the wheat is being sifted from the chaff, and in a short time there will be few men within the productive regions of that State who have not taken the oath of allegiance. Whatever the private sympathies of the planters may be, they can not wait for Jeff Davis forever. And after a year of military rule they must be anxious to reconstruct a civil government, and go on with the business of raising sugar and cotton. Accordingly we learn that several meetings of the leading planters on the river and in the Opelousas country have taken place, and that the prevailing sentiment was a willingness to "accept the situation," and make the best of it. Many of them, no doubt, still hanker after the slave confederacy. But as wishes of this kind are plainly futile, like sensible men, the planters abandon them, and are trying to find out what is next best to be done. They would all like to keep their slaves. But as this can not be done, they are very wisely maturing plans of negro apprenticeship under the advice of General Banks. Altogether the prospect is that, by the time the cotton crop is ready for picking, the leading planters of Louisiana—who have not registered themselves as enemies of the United States, and hence been sent out of the country—will be honestly for supporting the old flag, and that free negro labor will be in full operation on very many estates along the Mississippi, the Red River, and its tributaries.

The situation in Georgia is still more suggestive. The Georgians have never had their hearts in this business of rebelling. They were a rich and prosperous people, did not need to better their condition as South Carolina and Virginia did, and had sense enough to know when they were well off. Their leading man, Alexander H. Stephens, resisted secession to the last. Even when they were dragged into the vortex, they followed the lead of their turbulent little neighbor with marked reluctance. They resisted the conscription law, and threatened to withdraw their volunteers from Jeff Davis's army. Governor Brown refused to surrender to Jeff Davis arms which he considered requisite for the defense of his State. And more recently, it having been proposed that the credit of the Confederate Bonds—now seriously impaired—should be strengthened by their indorsement by the several States of the Confederacy, Georgia peremptorily refused to lend her credit for such a purpose. It appears that the discussion on this subject was very acrimonious, and that at last the policy of the rebel government came to be so freely canvassed, that some one proposed and the Legislature agreed to *call a convention to determine afresh the relations of the State of Georgia toward the Confederate and the United States.* The election of members of this convention is now proceeding. The Georgians have especial reasons for being dissatisfied with the rebel government. As we said above, they have always been a prosperous people, and have consequently borne the privations imposed by the blockade and the war with less equanimity than their poorer neighbors. Again, the capture of Fort Pulaski effectually sealed the port of Savannah. The people of that city have thus had the mortification of seeing grass grow in their streets and on their wharves, while Charleston was doing a thriving business with the help of blockade-runners. Enterprise, which was always more lively in Georgia than in any other Southern State, chafes fiercely at the paralyzing effect of the war. A dozen projected railways and canals have been abandoned; and, though thus far the soil of Georgia has not been overrun by the invaders, it is distinctly understood that a time will come, if the war lasts, when Georgia must share the fate of Virginia and Tennessee. It was, doubtless, these considerations which led to the call of a new convention. What may be the result of its deliberations it would be rash to undertake to predict. But it is quite safe to say that the debates and conclusions will possess no ordinary interest.

THE LOUNGER.

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS AND NEWS-DEALERS.

UPON the 3d of March, 1863, the President of the United States approved an important postal act, which goes into effect on and after June 30.

By this act the postage upon *Harper's Magazine* to any part of the United States is SIX cents per quarter, or TWENTY-FOUR cents per year.

Upon the *Weekly* FIVE cents per quarter, or TWENTY cents per year.

Upon *Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion* TWO cents per number.

Our readers are reminded that the next quarterly payment is to be made on July 1.

Section 36 of the new act provides that news-dealers may pay the postage upon their packages as received, at the same rate *pro rata* as yearly or semi-annual subscribers who pay quarterly in advance.

FACT AND THEORY.

To say that to treat the rebels according to the articles of war, to send and receive flags of truce, to exchange prisoners, etc., is a tacit acknowledgment of them as an independent belligerent power, is merely to confuse things with names, and the shadow with the substance. The Government is subduing a rebellion; but it does it upon the scale and with all the resources of war. It is waging war against rebels according to the rules of war. Because it sends a flag of truce to arrange an exchange of prisoners at Richmond, it does not for a moment waive its right of trying and punishing Jeff Davis as a traitor, whenever he may fall into its hands. Whether the Government will exercise the right is a question to be decided upon many considerations. So in the matter of sending Vallandigham or any other rebel sympathizer beyond the lines. How can it be done? asks some one, without conceding too much. What are "the lines" of the United States Government upon its own soil? The answer is, that rightfully and theoretically they are the lines of its territory. But actually part of that territory is held by a domestic enemy which defies the Government. To send, therefore, over those lines an enemy of the Government is only to put its foes in front. When a man like Vallandigham is spewed into the bosom of the rebellion for which he and his cronies are working, his arrival assures the rebels that the loyal men whom they are fighting are unwilling to tolerate even an expression of disloyalty. It is a remarkably constituted mind which sees in such an act the recognition of the rebels as an independent power.

Whether, however, it is worth while for the Government to treat such persons in such a way is a question upon which most loyal men probably differ with the generous and ardent Burnside. The arrest of Vallandigham has given him a notoriety which neither his capacity nor his importance would ever have secured for him.

RETALIATION.

WHEN Jeff Davis says that he shall hang the officers of the colored United States regiments, and turn over the privates to the tender mercies of State laws, he threatens what he does not mean to execute. That he would like to do so, there can be no question. That he would like to hang, draw, and quarter every such officer, and boil in oil every such private, there is no doubt. But his threat will not be executed, because it would destroy what little remaining hope he cherishes of sympathy or admiration from other nations; because it would blend in one great outcry of indignation all the voices of the loyal part of the country; and because of the swift and sure retaliation that would fall upon the rebel prisoners in our hands.

It is not for Jeff Davis and his crew to decide what soldiers the Government of his country shall employ. By our articles of war, it is plainly declared to be the settled doctrine of military law that no arbitrary distinctions can be made among our forces by any enemy, domestic or foreign. If Great Britain, in case of war, should discriminate against our soldiers of Dutch or Irish descent, or against the natives of New York or California, she would do so at her own risk, knowing perfectly well that her prisoners in our hands, man by man, would pay the penalty of her temerity.

Jeff Davis is perfectly aware of all this; and he is also aware that the Government and people of the United States are no longer playing at war. If he chooses a contest of extermination he means, of course, to abide by his choice. If he does not, his talk of hanging officers of certain regiments and conniving at the assassination of privates, is merely the malice of impotence.

A STROKE OF HUMOR.

THE London *Times* keeps an epistolary agent at Richmond and another in New York, to depict the solemnity and grandeur of a rebellion which aims to secure the unrestricted power of whipping women and selling children. The New York agent incessantly assures John Bull that "there's a good time coming" when the United States will be ruined, and when neither the aristocracy of England need fear the success of the democratic system, nor the trade of England tremble at the prospect of a rival upon the seas.

But the Richmond purveyor of news which shall comfort John Bull with the hope of our speedy downfall, is a much more amusing gentleman than the correspondent who does the same pitiful job in New York. In a late letter the Richmond man says that if the war be protracted for ten months more, it "will plunge both sections alike into that great ocean of repudiation which is consciously and without a shudder contemplated at Washington, but toward which there is at least great repugnance professed at Richmond."

There is exquisite fun in this solemn falsehood when it is remembered that the guiding genius at Richmond is Jefferson Davis, whose sole reputation in Europe before he turned traitor to his flag and country was that of a repudiator. He defended the repudiation of her bonds by Mississippi, and sneered at "the crocodile tears which had been shed over ruined creditors." These words, as the New York correspondent of the London *Times* might practically suggest, would make a very pretty legend for the notes of the "Confederate States," and possibly procure for them a premium in Lombard Street from dealers who are fond of light literature.

A MASS MEETING.

THERE has been of late a loud vociferation for free speech and personal rights from those who for the last twenty years have engineered and led all the mobs in the city for the suppression of free speech and for the destruction of all the most sacred and inalienable rights of men. The immediate occasion of the outcry is the imminent danger of the absolute protection of free speech and personal rights every where in the land. These gentry wish to have free speech to insist that others shall not have it; and to enjoy perfect liberty to deprive other people of freedom.

The arrest of Mr. Vallandigham was a mistake, simply because it was not necessary. But Mr. Fernando Wood and Mr. Isaiah Rynders will hardly persuade any body that they are in favor either of free speech or any other kind of freedom, except the freedom of white men to enslave black men, and of the party of Mr. Wood and Mr. Rynders to govern the country. And they may be consoled in their ardor for personal liberty and free speech to know that there is an immense mass meeting at this very time upon the Rappahannock, along the Mississippi, and the Tennessee line, in perpetual session, and it will not adjourn nor dissolve until the flag of the United States shall secure the undisputed exercise of every constitutional right upon every inch of United States soil; until Mr. Wendell Phillips shall be protected in his freedom of saying in Charleston that slavery is a blunder and a crime, precisely as Mr. Fernando Wood is protected in New York in saying that the colored race is a servile people and ought to be enslaved; and until the personal rights of man, whatever his capacity, his color, his education, or his wealth, are as fully recognized in Georgia as they are in Maine.

Of course the gentry who meet to vindicate the liberty of speech and personal rights will be charmed with this meeting and its results.

FROM ENGLAND.

A FRIEND writes privately to the Lounger from England: "I hope and pray we may not be drifting into war with the North. Whatever may have been the case about the *Alabama* (whose getting away is no doubt a thing to be immensely regretted

by all fair-minded men on all sides), I hope the action of the Government as to the *Alexandra* will convince you in the North that the Government here really means well; and the extremely right-minded tone of all Lord Russell's speeches points in the same direction. Roebuck has turned himself into a nuisance.

"No doubt the general drift of English sympathy is with the South in many respects, but not in all. The moral antipathy to a Government professedly founded on Slavery is strong throughout the English mind as a whole. And as to national action in the war, the great bulk of high-minded, right-thinking, and feeling men are disposed to be perfectly fair and reasonable. I hope the good old rule of bear and forbear will prevail between the two countries, despite the folly of certain citizens of both. Of course war is possible. But I do not *yet* think it probable."

The comment upon so sincere and well-meant extract must, of course, be that the British Government could have stopped the *Alabama* if it had wished to: that Lord Russell's opinion of our war is that it is a Kilkenny fight for independence and dominion: and that the speeches of the Solicitor-General and Lord Palmerston were almost as mischievous as Roebuck's, who, now that "Liberalism" is fashionable in British politics, rides the benignity of the Austrian Government as his pet hobby.

"NO PEACE WITH REBELS."

In a brief and trenchant paper under this title, by Charles Eliot Norton, the whole "Peace" question is stated in a very few words: "The truth is, and it is well it should be clearly understood, that this war is not to end with any treaty of peace—any arrangement with our enemies; that it is not to be closed by any special event; that there is to be no celebration of peace; but that, on the contrary, peace is to come gradually, without terms, by slow process. For the national authorities have no power to treat of peace with rebels. The war is not between two nations, each of which can become a high contracting party of a treaty. The war is between a nation and rebels against the Constitution, the laws, and the government of the nation."

Nothing can be truer; nothing more simply said. We shall not know what battle ends the war; nor will there be an embassy from Richmond to Washington to make the best terms possible. Terms for what? Terms upon which citizens will obey the laws? Suppose Mr. Fernando Wood's plan to prevail. Suppose the Government says to the rebels as he says: "We can't do it. We have tried to compel you to obey the laws and we have failed. Come then into a Convention and tell us on what terms you will stay in the Union." What must their reply be? Simply this:

"Our terms for remaining in the Union would be a perpetual guarantee for slavery every where, and a recognition of the right of secession. But we hate the Union, and as you confess that you can't compel us to come back, we must have an acknowledgment of our independence."

To go into a Convention with rebels before you have beaten them, and with the confession that you can't beat them, is to invite precisely that proposition. And those who should call such a Convention would mean exactly that result.

MILITARY STATISTICS.

A bureau of the greatest importance and interest has just been established in Albany, under the superintendence of Colonel Doty, the late private secretary of Governor Morgan. It will collect historical data from each of the regiments raised in New York State. It will take account of the organized efforts of the people in various sections of the State, of boards of supervisors, trustees, councils, etc. It will preserve the memorials of the war—flags, trophies, records, correspondence, scattered pamphlets of local affairs, and regimental incidents; and it will procure portraits and biographies while all such material is copious and accessible.

With such a programme it is plain that the bureau may be made of the utmost advantage; and whoever knows Colonel Doty knows him to be the man to make it so.

LITERARY PIRACY.

In the second number of the *American Publishers' Circular* (G. W. Childs) there is an admirable paper upon literary piracy, in reply to the London *Atheneum*, which lately sneeringly said: "English novelists supplied America with one new novel a fortnight throughout the entire twelve months. It would be interesting to know how often, in the same time, American publishers made remittances of money to authors in this country."

The *Circular*, in reply, states that this sneer is based upon twenty-six "season tales." In the list of authors appear the names of Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, Collins, Reade, Sala, Kingsley, Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss Muloch—all of whom are paid by the American publishers. Compensation, the *Circular* truly says, is the general rule; and mentions all the British authors whose works pay for republishing, to whom the leading American houses have paid very large sums.

Then, pushing home upon his sour adversary, the *Circular* says, "It would be still more interesting to know how often during the last twelve months English publishers have made remittances of money to American authors......It is not the rule of the trade in England to pay American authors, although it is our rule to pay her authors. ....While Spurgeon has received as much as $5000 in one year from his publishers in this country, Albert Barnes, although his 'Notes' have sold to the extent of several hundred thousand copies in Great Britain, has never been favored by the English publishers with a penny."

The *Circular* alludes to a complaint made by Mr. Anthony Trollope of the house which issues this paper, and quotes from the reply of the member of the firm whom Mr. Trollope drew into the discussion by name:

"I am confident that we alone (Harper & Brothers) have paid in the past five years more money to British authors for early sheets than British publishers have paid to American authors for early sheets since the first book was printed in this country."

It is a great pity that each party can not be satisfied. But in the absence of any international law no sensible man will attack publishers for not paying foreign authors, who can not protect the publishers from entire loss, as much as they gladly pay domestic authors.

ABOU BEN BUTLER.

Here is a little poem, of which John Bull will recognize the truth and beauty, and which, we presume, is affectionately dedicated to that friend of humanity:

ABOU BEN BUTLER.

Abou Ben Butler (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night down by the old Balize,
And saw, outside the comfort of his room,
Making it warmer for the gathering gloom,
A black man shivering in the winter's cold:
Exceeding courage made Ben Butler bold,
And to the presence in the dark he said,
"What wantest thou?" The figure raised its head,
And with a look made of all sad accord,
Answered, "The Northern men who'll serve the Lord."
"And am I one?" said Butler. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the black man. Butler spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "*As I am Ben,*
Thou'lt not have cause to tell me that again!"

The figure bowed and vanished. The next night
It came again, environed strong in light,
And showed the names whom love of Freedom blessed,
And lo! Ben Butler's name led all the rest!

THE STORY OF A CHATTEL.

"*The slave, to remain a slave, must be made sensible that there is no appeal from his master.*"—Judge Ruffin, of North Carolina.

Mr. Olmsted tells the following story of a colored man employed by Captain Janney, General Sherman's staff-engineer in the Army of the Mississippi:

Among the company which was working under him at Memphis, Captain Janney said there was one very active, sharp, industrious, and faithful fellow, who had left his plantation, about twenty miles off. Soon after his good qualities had attracted Janney's attention his owner, a rank rebel, came, as they often do with complete assurance, to ask that he should be given up to him. Janney assured him that the country needed his services, and it could not be thought of at present. Some weeks after this the same negro came one morning to Janney's tent, and said,

"There's a right good fowling-piece, Captain, and I want to gib it to you."

"Where did you get it?"

"Got 'im ob my ole massa, Sah."

"How is that? What did he give you his fowling-piece for?"

"Didn't gib 'im me, Sah; I took 'im."

"When?"

"Lass night."

"Has your master been here again?"

"No, Sah. I been down dah, to de ole place, myself lass night, and I see'd de gun dah, and I tort he was a rebel and he ortn't to be let hab a gun, and I ort to take 'im away; tort dat was right, Captain, wasn't it? He ain't no business wid a gun, has he? Only to shoot our teamsters wid it."

"What sent you out there?"

"Well, I went dah, Sah, for to get my wife an chile dat war dar. I tried to get 'em nodder way, but I was cheated, and had to go myself."

"What other way did you try?"

"I'll tell you, Sah. I want my wife and chile; dey was down dah on de ole plantation. Lass Sunday when we'd got our pay, I seen a white man dat libs ober dah, and he tell me if I gib him my money he get my wife for me. I nad thirty dollars, Sah, and I gib it to him, but my wife didn't come. So I went myself. My wife house-servant, Sah, and I creep up to de house, and look into de windah; the windah was open, and I hear de ole man and de ole woman dare snorin in de corner, and I put my head in and dah I see de gun standin by the fi'-place. I jumped right in and cotch'd up de gun and turn roun' and hold 'em so. Says I, 'Massa, I want my wife.' 'You can take her,' says he, and he didn't say anoder word nor move a bit, nor Missus eider. My wife she heerd me, and she come down wid de chile, and we just walk out ob de door; but I tort I'd take de gun. He ain't no Union man, and he ortn't to hab a gun, Captain. You'll take it, Sah, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll turn it in for you."

GENERAL GRANT AND SOME WESTERN HEROES.

Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, in a letter, draws these pleasant portraits of men in whom we are all interested:

"General Grant's head-quarters are on the *Magnolia*, and he lives in the ladies' cabin. There is a sentry, or apology for one, at the boat's gangway, but he stops none from going on board, and there is free range in the cabin for any one to and beyond the table, which the General, with others, writes upon, near the stove. He is more approachable and liable to interruption than a merchant or lawyer generally allows himself to be in his office. Citizens come in and introduce themselves; one man saying, 'I hain't got no business with you, General, but I just wanted to have a little talk with you, because folks will ask me if I did.'

"He is one of the most engaging men I ever saw. Small, quiet, gentle, modest—extremely, even uncomfortably modest—frank, confiding, and of an exceedingly kind disposition. He gives you the impression of a man of strong will, however, and of capacity underlying these feminine traits. As a general, I should think his quality was that of quick, common-sense judgments, unobstructed by prejudices, and deep, abiding, quiet resolution. The openness of mind, directness, simplicity, and rapidity of reasoning, and clearness, with consequent confidence, of conclusion, of General Grant is very delightful. Those about him become deeply attached to him. Toward Sherman there is more than attachment, something of veneration, universally expressed, most by those who know him most intimately, from which I suspect that he has more genius than Grant."

"Admiral Porter is a gentlemanly, straightforward, and resolute sort of man. Breese, his flag-captain, a smiling, cheerful, and most obliging and agreeable man, but with all this, one gets an impression of strong will and great certainty that when the time comes for boarding and cutting-out, he will bear his part with the same ingenuous ease and grace."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A few days since a town-crier took in charge a lost child, and proceeded to hunt up his parents. On being asked by a lady what the matter was, he replied, "Here's an orphan child, ma'am, and I'm trying to find its parents."

"You don't look a-miss," as the young lady said to her beau when he had got her bonnet on.

A Short Novel.—Sweet Margaret Fane came up the lane from picking the red berries, and met young Paul, comely and tall, going to market with cherries. Stopping, she blushed, and he looked flushed—perhaps 'twas the burden they carried; when they passed on their burdens were one, and at Christmas they were married.

Which is the most dishonest of the vowels?—E, because it is always in debt.

Never did an Irishman utter a better bull than did an honest John, who being asked by a friend, "Has your sister a son or a daughter?" answered, "Upon my life, I do not yet know whether I am uncle or aunt."

A man who has some "music in his soul," says that the most cheerful and soothing of all fireside melodies are the blended tones of a cricket, a tea-kettle, a loving wife, and the crowing of a baby.

The Chinese have a saying that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue can not be brought back again by a coach and six horses.

Big enough.—The keeper of a menagerie was lately seen beating one of the elephants with a large club. A by-stander asked him the cause. "Why," said the keeper, "he's been flinging dirt all about the tent, *and he's big enough to know better!*"

"What does it matter?" said Mr. Rufus, when he applied the "Balm of Arabia" to his poll; "we must all *dye* some time or another."

A merchant, advertising for a clerk, adds, "Those who part their hair in the middle need not apply."

Lord North is said to have been a man of cold temperament, but he was remarkable for his *am-a-tory* views.

Every unmarried lady of forty has passed the Cape of Good Hope.

Why is the letter H like a good man's last breath?—Because it is the end of earth and the beginning of heaven.

"You are very welcome," as the empty purse said to the shilling.

Maxim of an Anti-Bluestocking.—She who can compose a cross baby is greater than she who composes books.

Some people allow their affairs to become so deranged that their liabilities quite go out of their mind.

When does it behoove a man to mind his p's and q's?—When his *pq*-niary affairs are in a ticklish condition.

Why are the Marys the most amiable of their sex?—Because they can always be *Molly-fied*.

What does nitre become when it is used in making gunpowder?—An ig-niter.

Is "stale mate" in chess any better than it is in Irish larders?

Instead of fighting misfortune, we too often make it prisoner.

What article is it that is never used more than twice in America?—Letter A, of course.

"I've just looked to see if you are doing well," as the cook said to the lobster, when she lifted up the sauce-pan lid.

What is a settlement of a conveyance?—When an omnibus smashes a cab.

"Tread light," as the grasshopper said to the elephant.

"That's a very hard case," as the Irishman said when he hit his friend on the head.

"Be content with what you have," as the rat said to the trap when he left his tail in it.

A dead hen is better than a live one; she will lay wherever you put her.

It was said of a musical dancing-master that the whole tenor of his life had been bass.

"The law," said Judge Ashurst, in a charge, "is open to all men—to the poor as well as the rich." "So is the London Tavern," added Horne Tooke, who was present.

Ostriches must be cheap birds to keep. Those at the Hippodrome, it is said, live on gun-flints and rusty nails. A fresh spike is a delicious morsel, while an old hinge, with a little oil on it, is fought for with as much eagerness as a pair of aldermen would exhibit over a bowl of green turtle.

Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was five hundred and eighty years old when she was married. Courage, ladies!

"There never was a goose so gray,
But some day, soon or late,
An honest gander came that way,
And took her for his mate."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATEST FROM VICKSBURG.

Vicksburg had not been taken at 9 P.M. on 22d, but our men completely encircled the town, their colors were planted on a portion of the rebel works, and the gun and mortar-boats were at work in front. It is understood that General Grant intercepted a dispatch from Jeff Davis to General Pemberton promising him 100,000 men by way of reinforcements if he would hold out for only two weeks. We have some rumors from rebel sources by way of Fortress Monroe; but they are so contradictory, if not purposely confused, that little can be made of them. Stories were afloat in this city on 27th, evidently echoes of rebel reports, that General Grant had been three times repulsed by Pemberton on 22d. Our advices are to a late hour on the evening of that day, but they make no mention of repulse.

ADMIRAL PORTER'S DISPATCH.

Admiral Porter, in an official dispatch, dated from the Yazoo River on the 20th inst., details the capture of Haines's Bluff by Lieutenant Walker, of the gun-boat *De Kalb*, who not only drove out the enemy, but secured all their guns, ammunition, camps, and equipage. The defenses consisted of fourteen forts, and took the enemy twelve months to construct. Admiral Porter destroyed the gun-carriages, blew up the magazines, and destroyed the works generally, which he describes as a net-work of defenses such as he never saw before. He says that there has never been a case during the war where the rebels have been so successfully beaten at all points, and that the patience and endurance shown by our army and navy for so many months are about being rewarded.

PORT HUDSON BOMBARDED.

Information has been received officially that Admiral Farragut's fleet has been actively bombarding Port Hudson.

AFFAIRS IN TENNESSEE.

The movements of the rebels in Kentucky and Tennessee appear to indicate a certain inroad upon the former State about the 1st of June. On Friday they burned the extensive trestle-work at Hamilton near Clarksville, Tennessee. General Bragg is reported to be on the watch for an attack by General Rosecrans. He is in a strongly fortified position at Horseshoe Mountain. A dispatch from Murfreesboro on 22d says that General Stanley, with a portion of two brigades of cavalry, surprised the camp of the First Alabama regiment and the Eighth Confederate cavalry, in the vicinity of Middletown. Our forces were divided and sent around to attack the rebels in the flank and rear; but the advance-guard becoming impatient, they dashed alone and unsupported into the midst of the enemy's camp, putting to flight one thousand rebel cavalry. Eight rebels were killed, ninety prisoners taken, and two hundred horses captured. The camp of the enemy, including the arms thrown away by them, was destroyed. Our loss was inconsiderable—none of our men being killed, and only three wounded slightly.

MORE GUERRILLAS IN MISSOURI.

A dispatch from St. Louis, dated 25th, says that a band of rebel guerrillas captured the town of Richmond, Clay County, Missouri, on 17th, together with the Union force which occupied it. Two officers of the Twenty-fifth Missouri were killed in the fight, and another lieutenant was shot after the Union troops surrendered. It was feared that the whole force would be treated in the same manner. The guerrillas made a clean sweep of the whole town. The same band also plundered the town of Plattsburg, Clinton County, on Thursday night, and took $11,000 from the court-house belonging to the State.

THE "ALABAMA" BLOCKADED.

The *Alabama* is at the Moule (Guadaloupe), blockaded by the United States steamers *Oneida* and *Alabama*. Admiral Wilkes reached St. Thomas on the 30th ult. from Havana *via* Ponce, Porto Rico, and after communicating with Mr. Edgar, the United States Consul, proceeded to Guadaloupe in the *Vanderbilt* in search of the pirate.

SURRENDER OF COLONEL STREIGHT.

A special dispatch from Columbus, Ohio, to *The Commercial* says that the members of the Third Ohio Regiment now there give full details of the capture of Colonel Streight and his forces near Rome, Georgia. They say the surrender was justifiable and unavoidable, the enemy occupying an impregnable position with overwhelming numbers.

HOW VAN DORN WAS KILLED.

Van Dorn's staff have published a card stating that the General was shot in his own room by Dr. Peters. He was shot in the back of the head while writing at his table. There had been a friendly conversation between the parties scarcely fifteen minutes before the unfortunate occurrence. General Van Dorn had never seen the daughter of his murderer but once, and his acquaintance with Mrs. Peters was such as to convince his staff officers, who had every opportunity of knowing, that there was no improper intimacy between them.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

ANOTHER ANGLO-REBEL PIRATE.

It is reported that another rebel pirate cruiser is ready to leave the Clyde, under the command of Captain Bullock.

THE REBEL LOAN.

Late reports from this country caused a heavy fall in the rebel loan in London. At one moment it had gone down to four per cent. discount. It subsequently closed at from three and a half to three discount, experiencing a fall of three per cent. in one day.

PROGRESS OF EMIGRATION.

The emigration of Irish to the United States is now so extensive that, instead of four steamers leaving Cork harbor each fortnight, there will be seven in the same space of time for some months. A late letter from Cork says: "The Inman Company have increased their sailings by an additional vessel fortnightly, and the Cunard Company has advertised its intention of starting an extra steamer every second week. In addition to this increased conveyance, the Montreal Ocean Company will this month resume its trade between Europe (*via* Queenstown) and Canada. Next week the Cunard Company will dispatch the steamship *Sidon* from Liverpool on Tuesday, and Queenstown on Wednesday. On Wednesday and Friday the steamships *City of Baltimore* and *Kangaroo*, belonging to the Inman Company, will leave Liverpool, and the following days Queenstown, and on Sunday the Cunard steamship will leave Cork harbor." *Saunders' News Letter*, of Dublin, a British Tory organ, remarks on this: "From the facts which have lately transpired it is not expected that there will be any further consular denials that this increase of transport is demanded by the enlistment of young men in Ireland for service in the United States army." The *Tuam Herald*, speaking of the exodus, says, "The exodus of the people from Mayo and from this county (Galway) is becoming every week more extensive. Whether for good or for evil, the stream continues to swell and flow on uninterruptedly, and the emigrants may now be reckoned by hundreds from some localities." A Dundalk paper says: "No less than one thousand emigrants passed through Dundalk last week on their way to America and Australia. They are rushing out of the country as if to avoid some terrible disaster." The *Western Star* remarks: "We have never known so many people to leave this district within a week as from Sunday to the present. On Sunday long lines of cars, laden with emigrants and their friends, arrived in Ballinasloe, the former leaving by the evening train. On Monday and Tuesday there were similar arrivals—nearly all well dressed and comfortable looking young men and women, evidently belonging to the class of small farmers. The destination of these people is generally New York." The Clare (Ireland) *Advertiser* of the 13th of May says: "We witnessed a novel feature on last Monday. The trades band of the town, 'in full fig,' escorting the emigrants to the quay, playing 'Patrick's Day,' 'Garryown,' 'White Cockade,' etc., in dashing style, and with such a martial air as would be highly interesting to an American recruiting sergeant, if he happened to be present. A crowd of over three thousand persons cheered loudly for America, and groaned the British Government."

RUSSIA.

THE POLISH QUESTION.

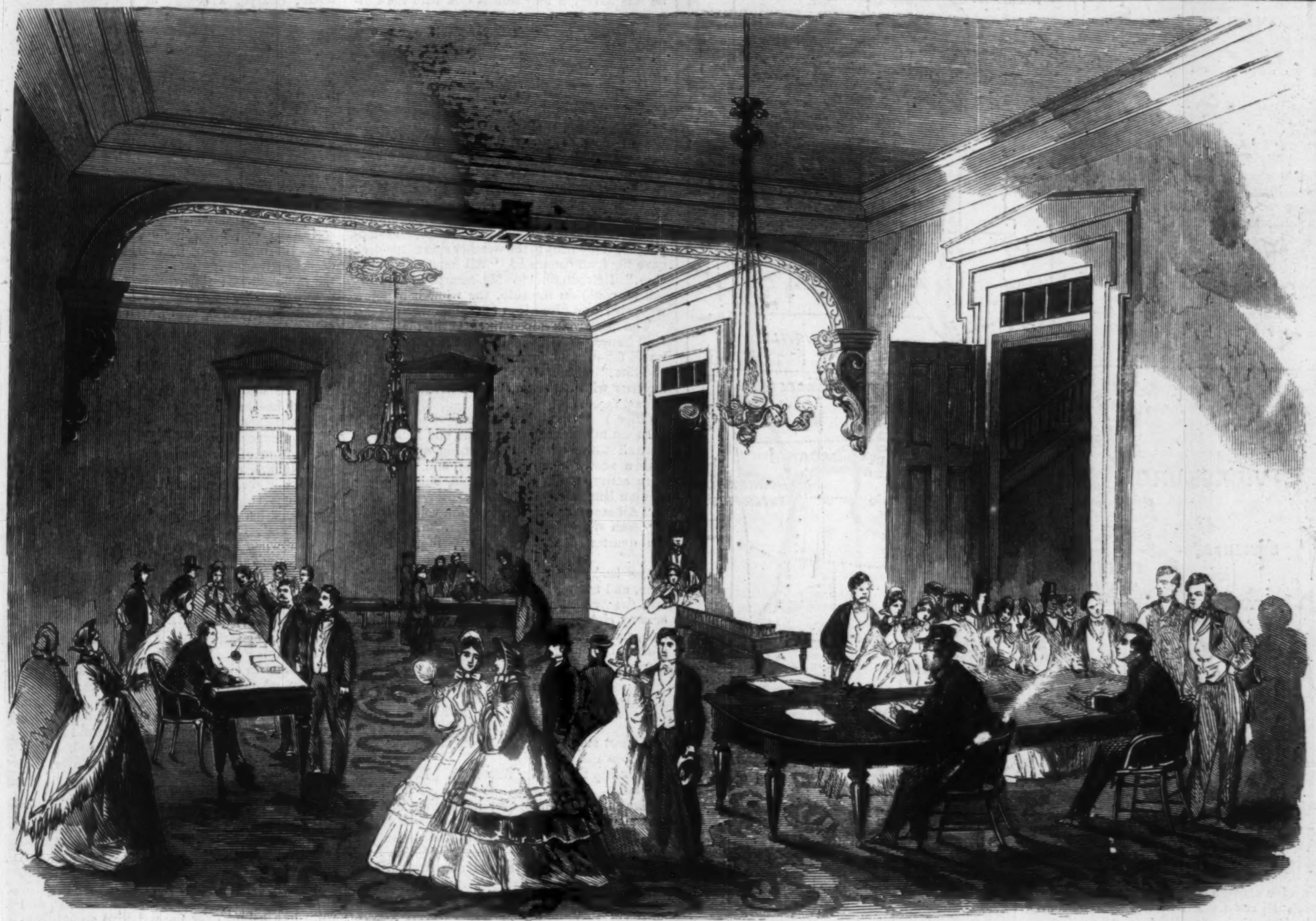
Prince Gortchakoff, in his replies to the notes of the rulers of Sweden, Italy, and Spain on the Polish question, calls their attention to the influence of "outside" agitation in prolonging the struggle in Poland, and illustrates the effects of the revolutionary movement by allusions pertinent to the case of each of the sovereigns. It is said that Russia has conceded to Napoleon the principle that a European congress should assemble on the subject.

MEXICO.

THE SIEGE OF PUEBLA.

Another great battle has taken place at Puebla, and again the Mexicans have proved themselves more than a match for the invading French. General Ortega sends word to Comonfort that on the night of the 24th of April the French exploded a mine on the block called Stenimo, occupied by Mexican troops. A number of the Mexicans were buried in the ruins; but the balance resisted the French all night, fighting desperately. On the morning of 25th both parties were reinforced, and continued the fight with the greatest determination and ferocity, the Mexicans, at its close, holding their original position. During the contest the French exploded another mine in the Santa Jesu, and another fight ensued there, lasting seven hours, the Mexicans remaining masters of the field, and capturing one hundred and thirty prisoners from the First regiment of French Zouaves. The French left four hundred dead on the field. It is since reported that the French have raised the siege and are in full retreat.

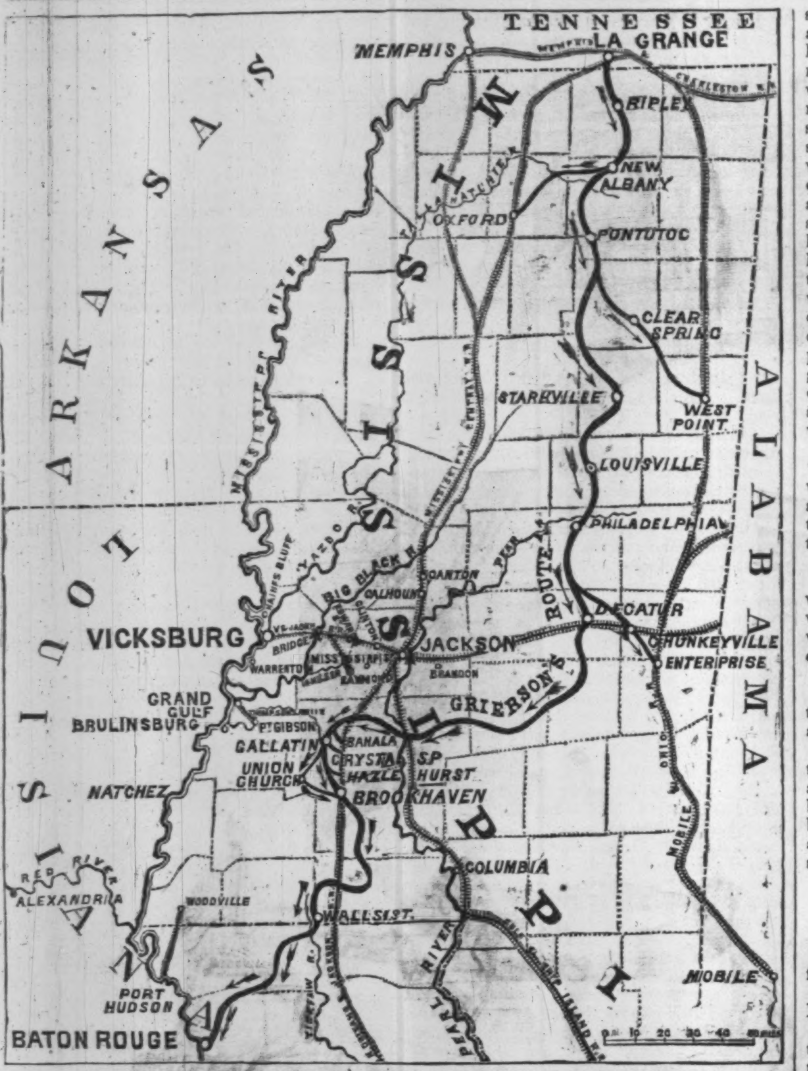
TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION OF COLONEL GRIERSON, COMMANDING SIXTH AND SEVENTH ILLINOIS CAVALRY, THROUGH BATON ROUGE, MAY 2, 1863.—From a Sketch by Mr. J. R. Hamilton.—[See Page 358.]



REGISTERED ENEMIES TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE AT THE OFFICE OF GEN. BOWEN, AT NEW ORLEANS.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 362.]

CELEBRATION OF MAY-DAY BY THE MADISON GIRLS' SCHOOL IN THE CITY PARK, NEW ORLEANS.—CROWNING THE MAY QUEEN.
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 362.]

U OF M



MAP SHOWING COLONEL GRIERSON'S ROUTE FROM LAGRANGE TO BATON ROUGE.

COLONEL GRIERSON'S RAID.

We give above a Map of part of Mississippi, showing the route taken by Colonel Grierson on his late famous Cavalry Raid; and on page 356 a picture of the Reception of the Colonel and his Men at Baton Rouge.

We have not space for a lengthy account of the affair, and it must suffice to say that the brigade commanded by Colonel Grierson started from La Grange, Tennessee, and rode to Baton Rouge, a distance of 800 miles, through the heart of the rebel country. They were seventeen days on the march. They captured over 1000 prisoners and 1200 horses; destroyed for many miles two important railroads, and stores and other property valued at over four millions of dollars; and finally, on May 1, were received at Baton Rouge with great enthusiasm.

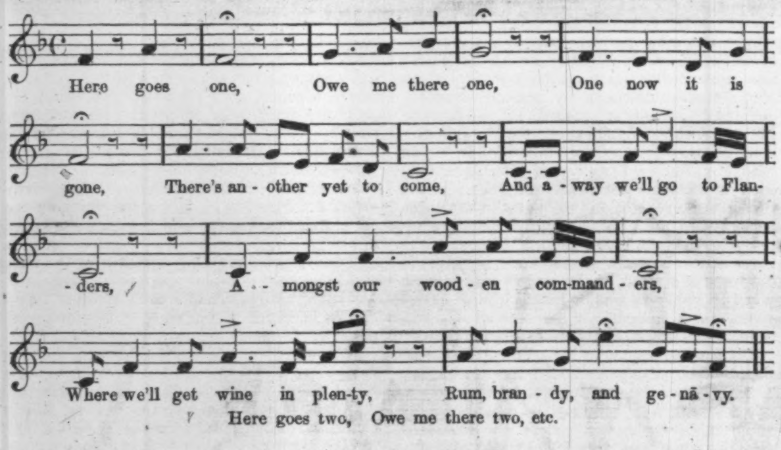
VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

CHAPTER X.

North Latitude 23½, Longitude East 113; the time March of this same year; the wind southerly; the port Whampoa, in the Canton river. Ships at anchor reared their tall masts here and there; and the broad stream was enlivened and colored by junks, and boats, of all sizes and vivid hues, propelled on the screw principle by a great scull at the stern, with projecting handles for the crew to work; and at times a gorgeous mandarin boat, with two great glaring eyes set in the bows, came flying, rowed with forty paddles by an armed crew, whose shields hung on the gunwale and flashed fire in the sunbeams: the mandarin, in conical and buttoned hat, sitting on the top of his cabin calmly smoking Paradise, alias opium, while his gong boomed and his boat flew fourteen miles an hour, and all things scuttled out of his celestial way. And there, looking majestically down on all these water ants, the huge *Agra*, cynosure of so many loving eyes and loving hearts in England, lay at her moorings, homeward bound.

Her tea not being yet on board, the ship's hull floated high as a castle, and to the subtle, intellectual, doll-faced, bolus-eyed people, that sculled to and fro busy as bees, though looking forked mushrooms, she sounded like a vast musical shell: for a lusty harmony of many mellow voices vibrated in her great cavities, and made the air ring cheerily around her. The vocalists were the Cyclops, to judge by the tremendous thumps that kept clean time to their sturdy tune. Yet it was but human labor, so heavy and so knowing, that it had called in music to help. It was the third mate and his gang completing his floor to receive the coming tea-chests. Yesterday he had stowed his dunnage, many hundred bundles of light flexible canes from Sumatra and Malacca; on these he had laid tons of rough saltpetre, in 200-pound gunny-bags: and was now mashing it to music, bags and all. His gang of fifteen, naked to the waist, stood in line, with huge wooden beetles called commanders, and lifted them high and brought them down on the nitre in cadence with true nautical power and unison, singing as follows, with a ponderous bump on the last note in each bar:



And so up to fifteen, when the stave was concluded with a shrill "Spell, oh!" and the gang relieved streaming with perspiration. When the saltpetre was well mashed, they rolled ton butts of water on it, till the floor was like a billiard-table. A fleet of chop boats then began to arrive, so many per day, with the tea-chests. Mr. Grey proceeded to lay the first tier on his saltpetre floor, and then built the chests, tier upon tier, beginning at the sides, and leaving in the middle a lane somewhat narrower than a tea-chest. Then he applied a screw-jack to the chests on both sides, and so enlarged his central aperture, and forced the remaining tea-chests in; and behold the enormous cargo packed as tight as ever shop-keeper packed a box—nineteen thousand eight hundred and six chests, sixty half chests, fifty quarter chests.

While Mr. Grey was contemplating his work with singular satisfaction, a small boat from Canton came alongside, and Mr. Tickell, midshipman, ran up the side, skipped on the quarter-deck, saluted it first, and then the first mate; and gave him a line from the captain, desiring him to take the ship down to Second Bar—for her water—at the turn of the tide.

Two hours after receipt of this order the ship swung to the ebb. Instantly Mr. Sharpe unmoored, and the *Agra* began her famous voyage, with her head at right angles to her course; for the wind being foul, all Sharpe could do was to set his top-sails, driver, and jib, and keep her in the tide-way, and clear of the numerous craft, by backing or filling as the case required; which he did with considerable dexterity, making the sails steer the helm for the nonce: he crossed the Bar at sunset, and brought to with the best bower anchor in five fathoms and a half. Here they began to take in their water, and on the fifth day the six-oared gig was ordered up to Canton for the captain. The next afternoon he passed the ship in her, going down the river to Lin-Tin, to board the Chinese admiral for his chop, or permission to leave China. All night the *Agra* showed three lights at her mizen-peak for him, and kept a sharp look-out. But he did not come: he was having a very serious talk with the Chinese admiral; at daybreak, however, the gig was reported in sight: Sharpe told one of the midshipmen to call the boatswain and man the side. Soon the gig ran alongside; two of the ship's boys jumped like monkeys over the bulwarks, lighting, one on the main channels, the other on the midship port, and put the side ropes assiduously in the captain's hands; he bestowed a slight paternal smile on them, the first the imps had ever received from an officer, and went lightly up the sides. The moment his foot touched the deck, the boatswain gave a frightful shrill whistle; the men at the sides uncovered; the captain saluted the quarter-deck, and all the officers saluted him, which he returned, and stepping for a moment to the weather side of his deck gave the loud command, "All hands heave anchor." He then directed Mr. Sharpe to get what sail he could on the ship, the wind being now westerly; and dived into his cabin.

The boatswain piped three shrill pipes, and "all hands up anchor," was thrice repeated forward, followed by private admonitions, "Rouse and bitt!" "Show a leg!" etc., and up tumbled the crew with homeward bound written on their tanned faces.

(Pipe.) "Up all hammocks!"

In ten minutes the ninety and odd hammocks were all stowed neatly in the netting, and covered with a snowy hammock cloth; and the hands were active, unbitting the cable, shipping the capstan bars, etc.

"All ready below, Sir," cried a voice.

"Man the bars," returned Mr. Sharpe from the quarter-deck. "Play up, fifer. Heave away!"

Out broke the merry fife with a rhythmical tune, and tramp, tramp, tramp went a hundred and twenty feet round and round, and, with brawny chests pressed tight against the capstan bars, sixty fine fellows walked the ship up to her anchor, drowning the fife at intervals with their sturdy song, as pat to their feet as an echo:

> Heave with a will, ye jolly boys,
> Heave around;
> We're off from Chainee, jolly boys,
> Homeward bound.

"Short stay apeak, Sir," roars the boatswain from forward.

"Unship the bars. Way aloft. Loose sails. Let fall!"

The ship being now over her anchor, and the top-sails set, the capstan bars were shipped again, the men all heaved with a will, the messenger grinned, the anchor was torn out of China with a mighty heave, and then run up with a luff tackle and secured; the ship's head cast to port: "Up with the jib! man the taupsle halliards! all hands make sail!" Round she came slow and majestically; the sails filled, and the good ship bore away for England.

She made the Bogue forts in three or four tacks, and there she had to come to again for another chop, China being a place as hard to get into as Heaven, and to get out of as—Chancery. At three P.M. she was at Macao, and hove to four miles from the land, to take in her passengers.

A gun was fired from the forecastle. No boats came off. Sharpe began to fret: for the wind, though light, had now got to the N.W., and they were wasting it. After a while the captain came on deck, and ordered all the carronades to be scaled. The eight heavy reports bellowed the great ship's impatience across the water, and out pulled two boats with the passengers. While they were coming Dodd sent and ordered the gunner to load the carronades with shot, and secure and apron them. The first boat brought Colonel Kenealy, Mr. Fullalove, and a prodigious negro, who all mounted by the side ropes. But the whip was rigged for the next boat, and the Honorable Mrs. Beresford and poodle hoisted on board, item her white maid, item her black nurse, item her little boy and male Oriental in charge thereof, the strangest compound of dignity and servility, and of black and white, being clad in snowy cotton and japanned to the nine.

Mrs. Beresford was the wife of a member of council in India. She had been to Macao for her boy's health, intending to return to Calcutta; but meantime her husband was made a director, and went home: so she was going to join him. A tall, handsome lady, with too curved a nose. Like most aquiline women she was born to domineer a bit; and, for the last ten years, Orientals cringing at her knee, and Europeans flattering at her ear, had nursed this quality high, and spoiled her with all their might. A similar process had been applied to her boy Frederick from infancy; he was now nearly six: arrogance and caprice shone so in both their sallow faces, and spoke so in every gesture, that, as they came on board, Sharpe, a reader of passengers, whispered the second mate: "Bayliss, we have shipped the devil."

"And a cargo of his imps," grunted Mr. Bayliss.

Mr. Fullalove was a Methodist parson—to the naked eye: grave, sober, lean, lank-haired. But some men are hidden fires. Fullalove was one of the extraordinary products of an extraordinary nation, the United States of America. He was an engineer for one thing, and an inventive and practical mechanician; held two patents of his own creating, which yielded him a good income both at home and in Great Britain. Such results are seldom achieved without deep study and seclusion: and accordingly Joshua Fullalove, when the inventive fit was on, would be buried deep as Archimedes for a twelvemonth, burning the midnight oil: then, his active element predominating, the pale student would dash into the forest or the prairie, with a rifle and an Indian, and come out bronzed, and more or less bepanthered or bebuffaloed; thence invariably to sea for a year or two: there, Anglo-Saxon to the back-bone, his romance had ever an eye to business; he was always after foreign mechanical inventions—he was now importing an excellent one from Japan—and ready to do lucrative feats of knowledge: thus he bought a Turkish ship at the bottom of the Dardanelles for twelve hundred dollars, raised her cargo (hardware), and sold it for six thousand dollars; then weighed the empty ship, pumped her, repaired her, and navigated her himself into Boston harbor, Massachusetts. On the way he rescued, with his late drowned ship, a Swedish vessel, and received salvage. He once fished eighty elephants' tusks out of a craft foundered in the Firth of Forth, to the disgust of elder Anglo-Saxons looking on from the shore. These unusual pursuits were varied by a singular recreation: he played at elevating the African character to European levels. With this view he had bought Vespasian for eighteen hundred dollars; whereof anon. America is fertile in mixtures: what do we not owe her? Sherry cobbler, gin sling, cocktail, mint julep, brandy smash, sudden death, eye openers. Well, one day she outdid herself, and mixed Fullalove: Quaker, Nimrod, Archimede, Philanthropist, decorous Red Rover, and What Not.

The passenger boats cast loose.

"All hands make sail!"

The boatswain piped, the light-heeled topsmen sped up the ratlines, and lay out on the yards, while all on deck looked up, as usual, to see them work. Out bellied sail after sail aloft; the ship came courtesying round to the southward, spread her snowy pinions high and wide, and went like a bird over the wrinkled sea—homeward bound.

It was an exhilarating start, and all faces were bright; but one. The captain looked somewhat grave and thoughtful, and often scanned the horizon with his glass; he gave polite but very short answers to his friend Colonel Kenealy firing nothings in his ear; and sent for the gunner.

While that personage, a crusty old Niler, called Monk, is cleaning himself to go on the quarter-deck, peep we into Captain Dodd's troubled mind, and into the circumstances which connect him with the heart of this story, despite the twelve thousand miles of water between him and the lovers at Barkington.

It had always been his pride to lay by money for his wife and children, and, under advice of an Indian friend, he had, during the last few years, placed considerable sums, at intervals, in a great Calcutta house, which gave eight per cent. for deposits: swelled by fresh capital, and such high interest, the hoard grew fast. When his old ship, sore battered off the Cape, was condemned by the company's agents at Canton, he sailed to Calcutta, intending to return thence to England as a passenger. But while he was at Calcutta the greatest firm there suspended payment, carrying astonishment and dismay into a hundred families. At such moments the press and the fireside ring for a little while with the common-sense cry,* "Good interest means bad security." As for Dodd, who till then had revered all these great houses with nautical, or childlike, confidence, a blind terror took the place of blind trust in him; he felt guilty toward his children for risking their money (he had got to believe it was theirs, not his), and vowed, if he could only get hold of it once more, he would never trust a penny of it out of his own hands again; except, perhaps, to the Bank of England. But should he ever get it? it was a large sum. He went to Messrs. Anderson and Anderson, and drew for his fourteen thousand pounds. To his dismay, but hardly to his surprise, the clerks looked at one another, and sent the check in to some inner department. Dodd was kept waiting. His heart sank within him: there was a hitch.

Meantime came a government officer, and paid in an enormous sum in notes and mercantile bills, principally the latter.

Presently Dodd was invited into the manager's room.

"Leaving the country, Captain Dodd?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You had better take some of your money in bills at sight on London."

"I would rather have notes, Sir," faltered Dodd.

"Oh, bills by Oliveira upon Baring are just as good, even without our indorsement. However, you can have half and half. Calcutta does but little in English bank-notes, you know."

They gave him his money. The bills were all manifestly good. But he recognized one of them as having just been paid in by the civilian. He found himself somehow safe in the street clutch-

* The Duke of Wellington (the iron one) is the author of this saying.

ing the cash, with one half of his great paternal heart on fire, and the other half freezing. He had rescued his children's fortune; but he had seen destruction graze it. The natural chill at being scraped by peril soon passed, the triumphant glow remained. The next sentiment was precaution; he filled with it to the brim; he went and bought a great broad pocket-book with a key to it; though he was on dry land, he covered it with oiled silk against the water; and sewed the whole thing to his flannel waistcoat, and felt for it with his hand a hundred times a day: the fruit of his own toil, his children's hoard, the rescued treasure he was to have the joy of bringing home safe to the dear partner of all his joys.

Unexpectedly, he was ordered out to Canton to sail the *Agra* to the Cape. Then a novel and strange feeling came over him like a cloud; that feeling was a sense of personal danger: not that the many perils of the deep were new to him: he had faced them this five-and-twenty years: but till now they were little present to his imagination; they used to come; be encountered; be gone: but now, though absent, they darkened the way. It was the pocket-book. The material treasure, the hard cash, which had lately set him in a glow, seemed now to load his chest and hang heavy round the neck of his heart. Sailors are more or less superstitious; and men are creatures of habit, even in their courage. Now David had never gone to sea with a lot of money on him before. As he was a stout-hearted man, these vague forebodings would, perhaps, have cleared away with the bustle, when the *Agra* set her studding-sails off Macao, but for a piece of positive intelligence he had picked up at Lin-Tin. The Chinese admiral had warned him of a pirate, a daring pirate, who had been lately cruising in these waters: first heard of south the line: but had, since, taken a Russian ship at the very mouth of the Canton river, murdered the crew in sight of land, and sold the women for slaves, or worse. Dodd asked for particulars: was he a Ladroner, a Malay, a Bornese? In what latitude was he to be looked for? The admiral on this examined his memoranda: by these it appeared little was known as yet about the miscreant, except that he never cruised long on one ground; the crew was a mixed one: the captain was believed to be a Portuguese, and to have a consort commanded by his brother: but this was doubtful; at all events the pair had never been seen at work together.

The gunner arrived and saluted the quarter-deck; the captain on this saluted him, and beckoned him to the weather side. On this the other officers kept religiously to leeward.

"Mr. Monk," said Dodd, "you will clean and prepare all the small-arms directly."

"Ay, ay, Sir!" said the old Niler, with a gleam of satisfaction.

"How many of your deck guns are serviceable?"

This simple question stirred up in one moment all the bile in the poor old gentleman's nature.

"My deck guns! serviceable! how the —— *can* they, when that son of a sea cook your third mate has been and lashed the water butts to their breechings, and jammed his gear in between their nozzles, till they can't breathe, poor things, far less bark. I wish *he* was lashed between the devil's hind hocks with a red-hot cable as tight as he has jammed my guns."

"Be so good as not to swear, Mr. Monk," said Dodd. "At your age, Sir, I look to you to set an example to the petty officers."

"Well, I won't swear no more, Sir: d—d if I do!" He added very loudly, and with a seeming access of ire, "and I ax your pardon, captain, and the deck's."

When a man has a deep anxiety, some human midge or mosquito buzzes at him. It is a rule. To Dodd, heavy with responsibility, and a dark misgiving he must not communicate, came delicately, and by degrees, and with a semigenuflection every three steps, one like a magpie; and, putting his hands together, as our children do to approach the Almighty, delivered himself thus, in modulated tones, and good Hindoostanee: "The Daughter of Light, in whose beams I, Ramgolam, bask, glows with an amicable desire to see the lord commander of the ship resembling a mountain; and to make a communication."

Taught by sad experience how weighty are the communications the daughters of light pour into nautical commanders at sea, Dodd hailed Mr. Tickell, a midshipman, and sent him down to the lady's cabin. Mr. Tickell soon came back reddish, but grinning, to say that nothing less than the captain would do.

Dodd sighed, and dismissed Monk with a promise to inspect the gun deck himself; then went down to Mrs. Beresford and found her indignant. Why had he stopped the ship miles and miles from Macao, and given her the trouble and annoyance of a voyage in that nasty little boat? Dodd opened his great brown eyes, "Why, madam, it is shoal water off Macao; we dare not come in."

"No evasion, Sir. What have I to do with your shoal water? it was laziness, and want of consideration for a lady who has rented half your ship."

"Nothing of the kind, madam, I assure you."

"Are you the person they call Gentleman Dodd?"

"Yes."

"Then don't contradict a lady! or I shall take the liberty to dispute your title."

Dodd took no notice of this, and with a patience few nautical commanders would have shown, endeavored to make her see that he was obliged to give Macao shoals a wide berth, or cast away the ship. She would not see it. When Dodd saw she wanted, not an explanation, but a grievance, he ceased to thwart her.

"I am neglecting my duties to no purpose," said he, and left her without ceremony. This was a fresh offense; and, as he went out, she declared open war. And she made it too from that hour: a war of pins and needles.

Dodd went on the gun deck and found that the defense of the ship had, as usual in these peaceful days, been sacrificed to the cargo. Out of twenty eighteen-pounders she carried on that deck he cleared three, and that with difficulty. To clear any more he must have sacrificed either merchandise or water; and he was not the man to do either on the mere chance of a danger so unusual as an encounter with a pirate. He was a merchant-captain, not a warrior.

Meantime the *Agra* had already shown him great sailing qualities: the log was hove at sundown and gave eleven knots; so that, with a good breeze abaft, few fore and aft rigged pirates could overhaul her. And this wind carried her swiftly past one nest of them, at all events; the Ladrone Isles. At nine P.M. all the lights were ordered out. Mrs. Beresford had brought a novel on board, and refused to comply; the master-at-arms insisted; she threatened him with the vengeance of the Company, the premier, and the nobility and gentry of the British realm. The master-at-arms, finding he had no chance in argument, doused the glim—pitiable resource of a weak disputant—then basely fled the rhetorical consequences.

The northerly breeze died out, and light variable winds baffled the ship. It was the 6th April ere she passed the Macclesfield Bank, in latitude 16. And now they sailed for many days out of sight of land; Dodd's chest expanded: his main anxiety at this part of the voyage lay in the state cabin; of all the perils of the sea none shakes a sailor like fire. He set a watch day and night on that spoiled child.

On the 1st May they passed the great Nantuna, and got among the Bornese and Malay Islands: at which the captain's glass began to sweep the horizon again: and night and day at the dizzy foretop-gallant-mast-head he placed an Eye.

They crossed the line in longitude 107, with a slight breeze, but soon fell into the Doldrums. A dead calm, and nothing to do but kill time. Dodd had put down Neptune: that old blackguard could no longer row out on the ship's port side and board her on the starboard, pretending to come from ocean's depths; and shave the novices with a rusty hoop and dab a soapy brush in their mouths. But Champagne popped, the sexes flirted, and the sailors span fathomless yarns, and danced rattling hornpipes; fiddled to by the grave Fullalove. "If there is a thing I *can* dew, it's fiddle," said he. He and his friend, as he systematically called Vespasian, taught the crew Yankee steps, and were beloved. One honest saltatory British tar offered that western pair his grog for a week. Even Mrs. Beresford emerged, and walked the deck, quenching her austere regards with a familiar smile on Colonel Kenealy, her escort: this gallant, good-natured soldier flattered her to the nine, and, finding her sweeten with his treacle, tried to reconcile her to his old friend Dodd. Straight she soured, and forbade the topic imperiously.

By this time the mates and midshipmen of the *Agra* had fathomed their captain. Mr. Tickell delivered the mind of the united midshipmen when he proposed Dodd's health in their messroom, "as a navigator, a mathematician, a seaman, a gentleman, and a brick, with 3 times 3."

Dodd never spoke to his officers like a ruffian, nor yet palavered them: but he had a very pleasant way of conveying appreciation of an officer's zeal by a knowing nod with a kindly smile on the heels of it. As for the men, they seldom come in contact with the captain of a well officered ship; this crew only knew him at first as a good-tempered soul, who didn't bother about nothing. But one day, as they lay becalmed south of the line, a jolly foretopman came on the quarter-deck with a fid of soup, and saluting and scraping, first to the deck, then to the captain, asked him if he would taste that.

"Yes, my man. Smoked!"

"Like —— and blazes, your honor, axing your pardon, and the deck's."

"Young gentleman," said Dodd to Mr. Meredith, a midshipman, "be so good as to send the cook aft!"

The cook came, and received, not an oath nor a threat, but a remonstrance, and a grim warning.

In the teeth of this he burned the soup horribly the very next day. The crew sent the lucky foretopman aft again. He made his scrape and presented his fid. The captain tasted the soup, and sent Mr. Grey to bid the boatswain's mate pipe the hands on deck and bring the cook aft.

"Quarter-master, unsling a fire-bucket and fill it from the men's kids: Mr. Tickell, see the cook swallow his own mess. Bosen's mate, take a bight of the flying jib sheet, stand over him, and start him if he dallies with it!" With this the captain went below, and the cook, supping at the bucket, delivered himself as follows: "Well, ye lubbers, it is first—rate. *There's* no burn in it. It goes down like oil. Curse your lady-like stomachs; you ain't fit for a ship; why don't ye go ashore and man a gingerbread coach and feed off French frogs and Italian baccy pipe stems? (Whack.) What the —— is that for?" *Boatswain's mate.* "Sup more and jaw less!"

"Well I am supping as fast as I can. (Whack, whack.) Bloody end to ye, what are ye about? (Whack, whack, whack.) Oh, Joe, Lord bless you I *can't* eat any more of it. (Whack.) I'll give you my grog for a week only to let me fling the —— stuff over the side. (Whack, whack, whack.) Oh, good, kind, dear Mr. Tickell, do go down to the captain for me." (Whack, whack.)

"Avast!" cried the captain, reappearing, and the uplifted rope fell harmless.

"Silence, fore and aft!"

("Pipe!")

"The cook has received a light punishment this time for spoiling the men's mess. My crew shall eat nothing I can't eat myself. My care is heavier than theirs is; but not my work, nor my danger in time of danger. Mind that, or you'll find I can be as severe as any master afloat. Purser!"

"Sir!"

"Double the men's grog! they have been cheated of their meal."

"Ay, ay, Sir!"

"And stop the cook's and his mate's for a week."

"Ay, ay, Sir!"

"Bosen, pipe down!"

"Shipmates, listen to me," said the foretopman. "This old *Agra* is a d—d com-for-table ship."

The oracular sentence was hailed with a ringing cheer. Still it is unlucky the British seaman is so enamored of theological terms; for he constantly misapplies them.

After lying a week like a dead log on the calm but heaving waters, came a few light puffs in the upper air and inflated the topsails only: the ship crawled southward, the crew whistling for wind.

At last, one afternoon, it began to rain, and after the rain came a gale from the eastward. The watchful skipper saw it purple the water to windward, and ordered the topsails to be reefed and the lee ports closed. This last order seemed an excess of precaution; but Dodd was not yet thoroughly acquainted with his ship's qualities; and the hard cash round his neck made him cautious. The lee ports were closed, all but one, and that was lowered. Mr. Grey was working a problem in his cabin, and wanted a little light and a little air, so he just drooped his port; but, not to deviate from the spirit of his captain's instructions, he fastened a tackle to it; that he might have mechanical force to close it with should the ship lie over.

Down came the gale with a whoo, and made all crack. The ship lay over pretty much, and the sea poured in at Mr. Grey's port. He applied his purchase to close it. But though his tackle gave him the force of a dozen hands, he might as well have tried to move a mountain: on the contrary, the tremendous sea rushed in and burst the port wide open. Grey, after a vain struggle with its might, shrieked for help; down tumbled the nearest hands, and hauled on the tackle in vain. Destruction was rushing on the ship, and on them first. But meantime the captain, with a shrewd guess at the general nature of the danger he could not see, had roared out. "Slack the main sheet!" The ship righted, and the port came flying to, and terror-stricken men breathed hard, up to their waists in water and floating boxes. Grey barred the unlucky port, and went aft, drenched in body and wretched in mind, to report his own fault. He found the captain looking grim as death. He told him, almost crying, what he had done, and how he had miscalculated the power of the water.

Dodd looked and saw his distress. "Let it be a lesson, Sir," said he, sternly. "How many ships have been lost by this in fair weather, and not a man saved to tell how the craft was fooled away?"

"Captain, bid me fling myself over the side, and I'll do it."

"Humph! I'm afraid I can't afford to lose a good officer for a fault he—will—never—repeat."

It blew hard all night and till twelve the next day. The *Agra* showed her weak point: she rolled abominably. A dirty night came on. At eight bells Mr. Grey, touched by Dodd's clemency, and brimful of zeal, reported a light in Mrs. Beresford's cabin. It had been put out as usual by the master-at-arms; but the refractory one had relighted it.

"Go and take it away," said Dodd.

Soon screams were heard from the cabin. "Oh, mercy! mercy! I will not be drowned in the dark."

Dodd, who had kept clear of her so long, went down and tried to reassure her.

"Oh, the tempest! the tempest!" she cried. "AND TO BE DROWNED IN THE DARK!"

"Tempest? It is blowing half a gale of wind; that is all."

"Half a gale! Ah, that is the way you always talk to us ladies. O, pray give me my light, and send me a clergyman!"

Dodd took pity, and let her have her light, with a midshipman to watch it. He even made her a hypocritical promise that, should there be one grain of danger, he would lie to; but said he must not make a foul wind of a fair one for a few lee lurches. The *Agra* broke plenty of glass and crockery though with her fair wind and her lee lurches.

Wind down at noon next day, and a dead calm.

At two P.M. the weather cleared; the sun came out high in heaven's centre; and a balmy breeze from the west.

At six twenty-five, the grand orb set calm and red, and the sea was gorgeous with miles and miles of great ruby dimples: it was the first glowing smile of southern latitude. The night stole on so soft, so clear, so balmy, all were loth to close their eyes on it: the passengers lingered long on deck, watching the Great Bear dip, and the Southern Cross rise, and overhead a whole heaven of glorious stars most of us have never seen, and never shall see in this world. No belching smoke obscured, no plunging paddles deafened; all was musical; the soft air sighing among the sails; the phosphorescent water bubbling from the ship's bows; the murmurs from little knots of men on deck subdued by the great calm: home seemed near, all danger far; Peace ruled the sea, the sky, the heart: the ship, making a track of white fire on the deep, glided gently yet swiftly homeward, urged by snowy sails piled up like alabaster towers against a violet sky, out of which looked a thousand eyes of holy tranquil fire. So melted the sweet night away.

Now carmine streaks tinged the eastern sky at the water's edge; and that water blushed; now the streaks turned orange, and the waves below them sparkled. Thence splashes of living gold flew and settled on the ship's white sails, the deck, and the faces; and, with no more prologue, being so near the line, up came majestically a huge, fiery, golden sun, and set the sea flaming liquid topaz.

Instant the look-out at the foretop-gallant-mast-head hailed the deck below.

"STRANGE SAIL! RIGHT AHEAD!"

The strange sail was reported to Captain Dodd, then dressing in his cabin. He came soon after on deck and hailed the look-out: "Which way is she standing?"

"Can't say, Sir. Can't see her move any."

Dodd ordered the boatswain to pipe to breakfast; and taking his deck glass went lightly up to the foretop-gallant-mast-crosstrees. There, through the light haze of a glorious morning, he espied a long low schooner, latine-rigged, lying close under Point Leat, a small island about nine miles distant on the weather-bow: and nearly in the *Agra's* course, then approaching the Straits of Gaspar, 4 Latitude S.

"She is hove to," said Dodd, very gravely.

At eight o'clock the stranger lay about two miles to windward: and still hove to.

By this time all eyes were turned upon her, and half a dozen glasses. Every body, except the captain, delivered an opinion. She was a Greek lying to for water: she was a Malay coming north with canes, and short of hands: she was a pirate watching the Straits.

The captain leaned silent and sombre with his arms on the bulwarks, and watched the suspected Craft.

Mr. Fullalove joined the group, and leveled a powerful glass, of his own construction. His inspection was long and minute, and while the glass was at his eye, Sharpe asked him half in a whisper, could he make out any thing?

"Wa'al," said he, "the varmint looks considerably snaky." Then, without moving his glass, he let drop a word at a time, as if the facts were trickling into his telescope at the lens, and out at the sight. "One—two—four—seven, false ports."

There was a momentary murmur among the officers all round. But British sailors are undemonstrative: Colonel Kenealy, strolling the deck with his cigar, saw they were watching another ship with maritime curiosity and making comments; but he discerned no particular emotions nor anxiety in what they said, nor in the grave low tones they said it in. Perhaps a brother seaman would though.

The next observation that trickled out of Fullalove's tube was this: "I judge there are too few hands on deck, and too many—white—eyeball's—glittering at the port-holes."

"Confound it!" muttered Bayliss, uneasily; "how can you see that?"

Fullalove replied only by quietly handing his glass to Dodd. The captain, thus appealed to, glued his eye to the tube.

"Well, Sir; see the false ports, and the white eyebrows!" asked Sharpe, ironically.

"I see this is the best glass I ever looked through," said Dodd, doggedly, without interrupting his inspection.

"I think he is a Malay pirate," said Mr. Grey.

Sharpe took him up very quickly, and, indeed, angrily: "Nonsense! And if he is, he won't venture on a craft of this size."

"Says the whale to the sword-fish," suggested Fullalove, with a little guttural laugh.

The captain, with the American glass at his eye, turned half round to the man at the wheel: "Starboard!"

"Starboard it is."

"Steer South South East."

"Ay, ay, Sir." And the ship's course was thus altered two points.

This order lowered Dodd fifty per cent. in Mr. Sharpe's estimation. He held his tongue as long as he could: but at last his surprise and dissatisfaction burst out of him. "Won't that bring him out on us?"

"Very likely, Sir," replied Dodd.

"Begging your pardon, captain, would it not be wiser to keep our course, and show the blackguard we don't fear him?"

"When we *do*? Sharpe, he has made up his mind an hour ago whether to lie still, or bite. My changing my course two points won't change his mind: but it may make him declare it; and *I* must know what he does intend, before I run the ship into the narrows ahead."

"Oh, I see," said Sharpe, half convinced.

The alteration in the *Agra's* course produced no movement on the part of the mysterious schooner. She lay to under the land still, and with only a few hands on deck, while the *Agra* edged away from her and entered the Straits between Long Island and Point Leat, leaving the schooner about two miles and a half distant to the N.W.

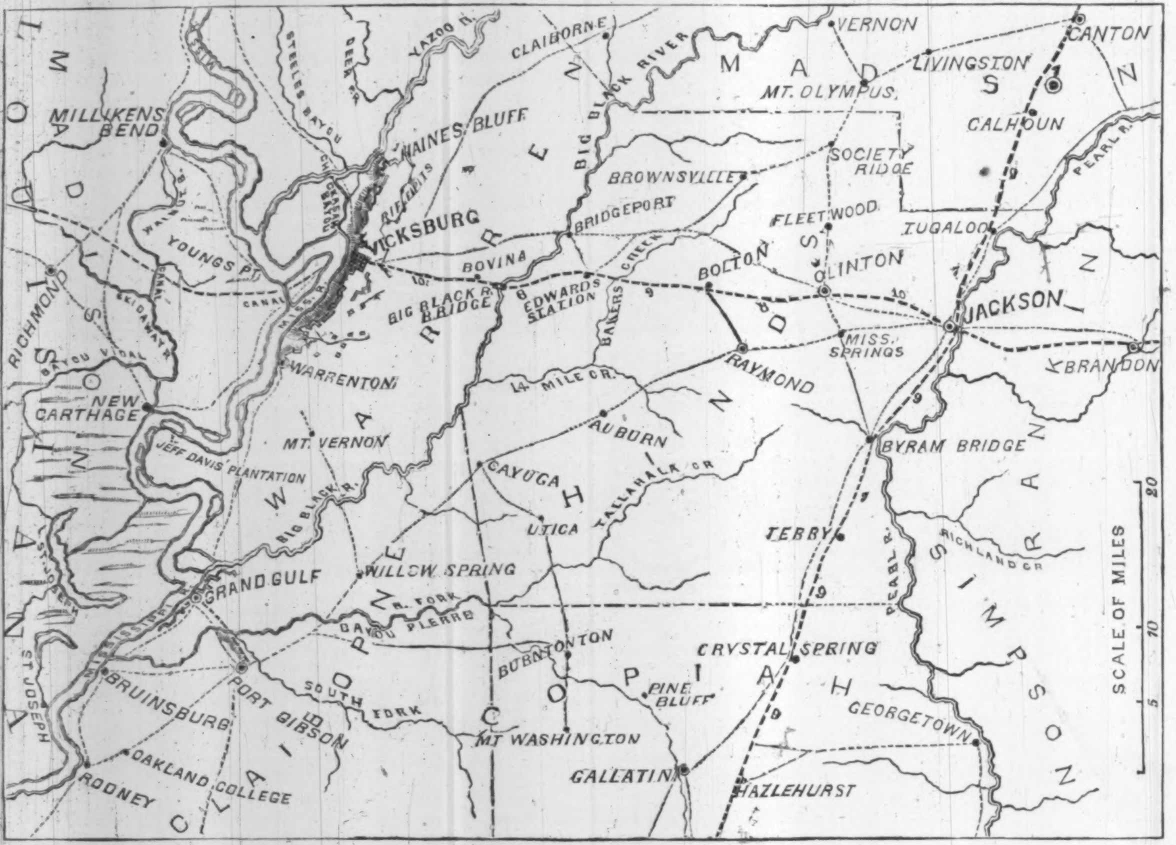
Ah! The stranger's deck swarms black with men!

His sham ports fell as if by magic, his guns grinned through the gaps like black teeth; his huge foresail rose and filled, and out he came in chase.

The breeze was a kiss from Heaven, the sky a vaulted sapphire, the sea a million dimples of liquid, lucid, gold,

"THE MEN OF THE NORTHWEST WILL HEW THEIR WAY TO THE GULF OF MEXIC

ICO WITH THEIR SWORDS."—GENERAL LOGAN IN CONGRESS, JANUARY, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 362.]



MAP OF GENERAL GRANT'S OPERATIONS AGAINST VICKSBURG, IN MISSISSIPPI.

GRANT'S MARCH.

Above we give a Map showing the course of General Grant's victorious march from Bruinsburg, near Grand Gulf, to Jackson and Vicksburg. The following official dispatch tersely describes what they did on the way:

Rear of Vicksburg, *Wednesday, May* 20, 1863.

The Army of the Tennessee landed at Bruinsburg on the 30th of April.

On the 1st of May we fought the battle of Port Gibson, and defeated the rebels under General Bowen, whose loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners was at least 1500, and loss in artillery five pieces.

On the 12th of May, at the battle of Raymond, the rebels were defeated with a loss of 800.

On the 14th of May we defeated General Joseph E. Johnston, and captured Jackson, with a loss to the enemy of 400, besides immense stores and manufactures, and seventeen pieces of artillery.

On the 16th of May we fought the bloody and decisive battle of Baker's Creek, in which the entire force of Vicksburg, under General Pemberton, was defeated, with the loss of twenty-nine pieces of artillery and 4000 men.

On the 17th of May we defeated the same force at the Big Black River Bridge, with the loss of 2600 men and seventeen pieces of artillery.

On the 18th of May we invested Vicksburg closely.

To-day General Steele carried the rifle-pits on the north of the city.

The right of the army rests on the Mississippi above Vicksburg.

John A. Rawlins,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

On pages 360 and 361 we give a picture which will enable our readers to form an idea of what is meant by "carrying a line of rifle-pits," "storming heights," "taking a position with the bayonet," terms of very frequent use at present, and which convey but a vague meaning to those who have not witnessed the stern realities of war. The reader can fancy, if he pleases, as he looks at the picture that he is gazing at the gallant onslaught of Grant's army upon the rebel rifle-pits and breastworks at Vicksburg. We have appended to the picture the memorable words of warning which were uttered in Congress, while the Southern men were still there, by Representative, now General, Logan. Alluding to the Southern pretension that they would hold the mouth of the Mississippi, he said that "the men of the Northwest would hew their way to the Gulf of Mexico with their swords." Similar words were uttered at the same time by Representative M'Clernand, who, like Logan, had up to that time acted with the South in politics, and who, like him, is now a General in Grant's army.

THE PRISON AT JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI.

We illustrate on page 364 the Prison at Jackson, Mississippi, where many good Union men have been confined since the war broke out, and which was lately destroyed by General Grant. The gentleman who sends us the sketch adds the following account:

"On the 29th December last, at the gallant charge of Blair's brigade upon the works of the rebels at Chickasaw Bluffs near Vicksburg, Colonel Thomas C. Fletcher, of the Missouri Wide Awake Zouaves, who was wounded and captured by the rebels, was with twenty other officers put in the jail at Vicksburg, where they were kept in the most loathsome cells and fed upon the worst fare ever meted out to the vilest criminals for one month. They were then removed to Jackson, Mississippi, and thrust into the old rickety ruin of the bridge which was yet standing above water, the remaining part having fallen down. Here they were kept for another month in the coldest season of the year, without beds or bedding; no fire or lights were allowed them. Three hundred and eighty privates, also prisoners, were put into the bridge with them. Almost every day two or three were carried out dead, and sometimes the dead lay at the entrance of the bridge unburied for four days. The above is a sketch of the bridge made by Colonel Fletcher himself, and we have from him assurance of the correctness of this statement of a cruelty and barbarity of treatment shown to him while wounded, and to his fellow-prisoners and brother officers, unequaled even by the rebels in their cruelty to our soldiers heretofore while in their hands."

Colonel Fletcher appends the following certificate:

"The within statement is in all respects correct, but does not fully represent the barbarity of our treatment by the rebels.

Thomas C. Fletcher,
"Colonel 31st Missouri Volunteers.

"Annapolis, Md., *May* 7, 1863"

THE ENGLISH PIRATE "ALEXANDRA."

We publish on page 364 an illustration of the new Anglo-Rebel pirate "Alexandra," which has just been built at Liverpool. She was built by Miller & Co. of Liverpool for a firm by the name of Fawcett, Prescott & Co. of the same town, both firms connected with the rebel piratical business. Just as she was approaching completion the remonstrances of our Government in relation to the piracies of the *Alabama* and *Florida*, together with some expressions of indignation by leading British orators, compelled the Government to show some semblance of a desire to enforce the laws, and the *Alexandra* was seized and is now held by the authorities. It is not believed, however, that the seizure will involve any thing worse than a temporary detention. The ship-owners and commercial interest of England are decidedly in favor of the destruction of our merchant navy by pirates, and after a farce of a trial the *Alexandra* will be set at large to prey upon our ships after the manner of the *Alabama* and *Florida*. She is a three-masted schooner with engines of 300 horse-power.

CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM.

We give on page 365 a portrait, from a photograph by Brady, of the notorious Clement L. Vallandigham, ex-Member of Congress from Ohio.

The first that we can remember of this man is his appearance at Harper's Ferry on the occasion of John Brown's raid. When poor John Brown, mortally wounded, and laid by the body of his dead son, was confronted by the infuriated slave-holding leaders of Virginia, and bullied, as only slave-owners can bully, the most insolent, outrageous, and brutal of the old man's tormentors was Clement L. Vallandigham. In his constituency, which is Dayton, Ohio, it does not seem, however, that the disgust which his conduct created every where else injured him in the least. He was again returned to Congress, and took his seat as usual. Throughout the three sessions of the Thirty-seventh Congress he was conspicuous as an opponent of the United States and a sympathizer with the rebels. He voted against every measure which was intended to enable the Government to prosecute the war, and did every thing which ingenuity and malice could devise to hamper the Administration, weaken the country, comfort the enemy, and provoke foreign interference. At the election of November last he was dropped, and General Schenck elected from his district. Since then he has been perambulating the country, delivering seditious speeches, urging the people to resist the draft, misrepresenting the purposes and policy of the Government, and endeavoring to provoke an outbreak at the West. For one of these speeches he was arrested a fortnight since by order of General Burnside, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to imprisonment in a Federal fortress pending the war. General Burnside accordingly ordered him to be taken to Fort Warren. The President has since altered this sentence to expulsion beyond the Union lines. He was accordingly taken to General Rosecrans's army at Murfreesboro, and by him dispatched to the rebels under a strong escort of cavalry. The rebel officer refused to receive him, but allowed him to remain under guard until the pleasure of Jeff Davis should be ascertained. Vallandigham insisted on being considered a prisoner of war.

GOVERNOR ANDREW G. CURTIN.

We present our readers on page 365 with an admirable likeness of the present distinguished Governor of Pennsylvania, Andrew Gregg Curtin. Of all the public men now prominent in the country there is no one who has created a deeper interest in, and none deserves better for the untiring energy and faithful devotion in aiding to maintain the integrity of, our Government.

Governor Curtin is about forty-five years of age, and was born in Centre County, Pennsylvania. His education was liberal, and having graduated at the law school connected with Dickinson College, Carlisle, he commenced the practice of law at Bellefonte, the seat of justice of his native county. For some years he devoted himself exclusively to his profession, and earned an enviable reputation as a counselor and as an advocate. His prominence in the politics of the State was in the Presidential canvass of 1844. He entered upon this with zeal, and became recognized as one of the most efficient stump speakers of the day. From that time he actively participated in all the political contests in the State. Upon the election of Governor Pollock he was proffered the position of Secretary of State and Superintendent of Common Schools. Although the youngest man who had ever filled these offices, his administration of them was marked by an untiring fidelity to the public interests; and his labors in this department, while they exhibited signal ability, contributed largely to the success of Governor Pollock's administration.

In the early part of the year 1860 a State convention was held at Harrisburg for the selection of a Gubernatorial candidate. This being the year of the Presidential election, the action of the convention was looked forward to with greater anxiety than had, perhaps, ever been known in Pennsylvania. General Hone of Pittsburg, Judge Haines of Chester, Taggart of Northumberland, and Covode of Westmoreland, were among the candidates. Each of them had warm and devoted friends, who had not failed to exert themselves for the success of their respective candidates. It, however, soon became manifest that the advantages were on the side of Curtin, and upon the third ballot he was nominated by an overwhelming majority. He immediately went into the canvass with a spirit and activity that his warmest admirers could scarcely expect him to maintain to the end; but in this he showed that he had not himself overmeasured his strength. His Democratic competitor, the Hon. Henry D. Foster, was warmly esteemed by his party friends; and, doubtless, feeling the contest to be one of overwhelming importance, he also manifested a determination to exert his utmost powers as the standard-bearer of his party. The rival candidates both went upon the stump; and without any disposition to detract from the merits of General Foster, it is impossible to deny that the great success of Governor Curtin as a public speaker contributed largely to the result of his election by a triumphant majority. The National Convention at Chicago for the nomination of a Presidential candidate occurred during the summer. Governor Curtin was alive to the fact that there would be some candidates presented to that body whose nomination would, to say the least, act as a dead weight in the preliminary contest in Pennsylvania at the October elections. His personal interests were involved in this; but above all, and as was shown by his course, of infinitely larger consideration to his mind would be the public calamity that might follow an injudicious nomination. With characteristic boldness and candor he prepared to do what he could toward preventing any unwise nomination by going to Chicago in person, there openly to disclose his views and convictions, rather than to pursue the secret and tortuous paths of chicanery and intrigue, by which, it is true, he might have averted much of personal enmity and bitterness that would possibly flow from chafed and disappointed aspirants for political elevation. He then and there claimed to know the people of Pennsylvania, their prevailing sentiments, and the temper in which the nomination of this or that candidate would be accepted. The stake which he held, and the right afforded by his position for him to speak with somewhat of authority, were accepted as of influential value. It is but just to say that the result showed him to have been right, and that on this occasion, as in the many emergencies that have arisen since he came into authority as Governor, he has never failed in his estimate of public sentiment throughout the Keystone State.

With clear and decided convictions upon every question that has arisen during his eventful administration, he has yet never permitted himself to be carried away from his contemplation and study of the mind of the people. Of this great essential of practical statesmanship he has time and again shown himself the possessor, as he has also illustrated its inevitable importance. While watching the current of popular events he has neither permitted himself to lose sight of the breakers and shoals that must needs be avoided, nor has he fallen into the contrary error of seeking to traverse the ocean of great events upon which the nation is embarked by a system of back-water navigation.

SCENES AT NEW ORLEANS.

The two pictures on page 357, from sketches by our special artist Mr. Hamilton, will be found described at length in the following extract from the *Times* correspondent:

MAY-DAY.

I was present, on the first of May, at one of the most beautiful and interesting celebrations that ever occurred here—the festival of the Madison Girls' School. Pleasing as it was, it might not have been considered of sufficient public importance for mention here, if—in the present condition of New Orleans—such gatherings did not bear a political significance, and a very deep one.

May-Day has been always a time of festive gatherings for the schools here, but their celebrations were, hitherto, held indoors. On this occasion the scene selected was the old City Park, some distance out of New Orleans, the grandest collection of old wide-spreading oaks that ever charmed the eye of painter.

Here the young ladies met, under the care of Miss Whitley, their accomplished Principal, crowned the "May Queen" with all due ceremony, and spent the whole day in dancing, music, swinging, and every species of innocent sport, in which they were joined by very many "children of a larger growth" from the city. Captain Walters, Commander of the gun-boat *Kineo*, had kindly sent there a large quantity of canvas to lay on the grass for dancing, with abundance of ropes for swings, and detailed two or three of his sailors to come and arrange matters for his young friends.

In spite of the beauty and gayety of the scene, as these graceful young creatures flitted over the green sward, in their light dresses, like a swarm of butterflies, I could not lose sight of the fact that this was a *Union demonstration* among the citizens of New Orleans, and that at least two-thirds of the children present were the offspring of enemies of the United States, either open or concealed. If such a scene appeared extraordinary to a stranger, how much more must it have done so to those old residents present, who could contrast it with the state of things existing so short a time ago!

The fact is that the school authorities here are making strenuous efforts to administer an antidote to the venomous poison of secession, too long corrupting the tender minds of the rising generation, and their efforts are being attended with the greatest success. In every public school it is now a specified *régime*, that the exercises shall daily commence and close with patriotic hymns, and that the selection of themes for recitations, etc., shall all have the same tendency. Union flags have been raised over every school-house in the first district—the Madison school having the honor of inaugurating the movement—and soon there will not be a single place of education in the city without its emblem of loyalty. By such efforts as these, and by getting these innocent young creatures to mingle frequently with friends, whom they have been cruelly taught to look upon as mortal enemies, their minds become stamped with ideas of truth and genuine love of their country, which no amount of false teaching can hereafter erase.

It was really interesting to watch some little dark-haired Southern beauty innocently romping with her blue-eyed playmate—the daughter of some officer from Maine or Massachusetts—and then to be reminded that the father of the former was a "registered enemy." "Do you see that exquisite girl laughing with that young officer?" said a gentleman to me; "she has a brother in the rebel army." I looked again, soon afterward, and the charming young couple had walked off, in earnest conversation. Who thinks that any "North" or "South" was poisoning the current of *their* sweet thoughts? Keep on your May-Day festivals, my friends. I saw more, in the innocent pastimes of that one day, to undermine and overthrow the satanic rule of Jeff Davis than if I had seen a whole brigade of his followers annihilated on the battle-field.

"REGISTERED ENEMIES."

In my last I sent you two very important orders just issued by General Banks—one of them requiring "registered enemies" to leave this Department on or before the 15th May. General Bowen has since then published the following:

"Office Provost-Marshal General of Louisiana,
New Orleans, *May* 1, 1863.

"Notice is hereby given to the registered enemies of the United States within the Department of the Gulf, that, in accordance with the order of the Commanding General, they will be required to leave the said Department and go within the lines of the enemy, on or before the 15th day of May instant. Such persons now registered as enem[illegible] but desirous to return to their allegiance and wil[illegible] take the prescribed oath of fidelity and obed[illegible]ce to [illegible] United States, a copy of which oath is he[illegible] publis[illegible] will make application for that purpo[illegible] to this office be[illegible] the 10th day of May.

"James Bowen, B[illegible]er-General, P. M. G."

"[illegible] Provost-Marshal General.
[illegible] of the Gulf, No. 208 Carondelet
Street, New Orleans, ——, 1863.

"[illegible] do hereby solemnly and sincerely swear, in the presence of Almighty God, that I will support, protect, and defend the Constitution and Government of the United States against all enemies, whether domestic or foreign,

and that I will bear true and faithful allegiance and loyalty to the same—any ordinance, resolution, or law of any State, Convention, or Legislature to the contrary notwithstanding; and further, that I take this oath, and assume all its responsibilities, legal and moral, of my own free-will, and with a full determination, pledge, and purpose to observe and fulfill it, and without any mental reservation or evasion whatever; and, further, that I will well and faithfully perform all the duties that may be required of me by law, as a true and loyal citizen of the United States. And may God help me so to do!

"(Signed) ——— ———.

"Sworn to and subscribed before me, this —— day of ———, 1863."

You can readily imagine what a flutter this has caused in the ranks of the Secesh. Any one reading the form of oath here required can hardly imagine how any one pretending to a particle of soul or manhood could subscribe to it with any *arriere pensée;* and yet a Secesh told a friend of mine the other day, when asked what he was going to do—take the oath, or leave—"Oh, just as all the rest have done; take it *over the left.*"

It will be well, however, for these people to be warned in time, and not attempt to get around General Banks by laying such willful perjury on their souls. There is not one man who subscribes to that oath but will henceforth find himself under a sort of moral microscope, in the hand of every loyal man in the place. He has studied human nature but little who does not know that men of kindly and confiding natures, like General Banks's, are those whose souls revolt most instinctively against any thing like willful deception. Therefore, the very leniency of the General's past administration will probably make him only ten times more vigilant against offenders; and if he catches one, he may, in severity, be found to out-Butler Butler.

It is really quite amusing to spend an hour at the headquarters of General Bowen. People—principally ladies—are constantly flocking in to try if there is no possible way of avoiding the dreadful alternative of starvation in Dixie or bowing to the horrible Yankee flag. Some have long, desponding faces—some have a haughty bearing, as if they scorned the very favors they had come to try and get; some, again, vainly appeal to the conscience of the venerable Captain Nott, "as a father," while others as vainly waste their bewitching smiles upon that fascinating young officer, Lieutenant Milner Brown, neither of whom can swerve one inch from the inexorable duty of swearing them in, or banishing them to Dixie.

THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

WE are with you, brothers, brothers, fighting on the Rappahannock;
We are with you in the morning and at setting of the sun:
All our thoughts go flying thither where our brothers are a-bleeding;
Heart and hand we will be with you till your noble work is done.

We are with you, fathers, fathers, fighting on the Rappahannock;
Do not think that we are happy when the cannons round you roar;
But we know you fight for justice, and the waving of our banner
Over every State and hamlet where it ever waved before.

We are with you, children, children, fighting on the Rappahannock;
Oh! we fain would clasp you fondly, and a mother's heart-felt kiss
We would plant upon our offspring—but, dear children, go on bravely,
And a thousand matron-prayers shall be given for your bliss.

We are with you, kinsmen, kinsmen, fighting on the Rappahannock;
We remember all your hardships on Virginia's crimson bank;
We are not forgetting, kinsmen, that you battle for our country,
And we pray that God will bless you in the cold and in the dank.

We are with you, friends and loved ones, fighting on the Rappahannock;
Heart and soul we are among you, and our bodies shall not lack;
For if traitors take your life-blood we will step into your traces;
If you conquer, friends and loved ones, we will meet you coming back.

God is with you, patriot-soldiers, fighting on the Rappahannock;
He has issued His great mandate, "Manumission to the slave!"
He has given you the weapons, He has given you the power,
He has given you our country, and our country you must save.

MISTE, PRINCE OF FOGGE.

THE fairy Myrtilla was getting ready for a trip to Fairy-land. Her mouse-skin cloak was warming by the fire, her chariot was before the door, and her team of blood-beetles stamping themselves nearly out of the harness in their impatience, while she herself was putting on her mullen-leaf leggings, for it was as yet early spring, and the weather was somewhat cool.

Quoth Lilla, her god-daughter, pouting, "Every one goes to Fairy-land. Not a paltry flower or vagabond sunbeam but has something to tell of its rosy gates and diamond palaces: only I must mope at home."

But answered her godmother, "Patience! There are people who go to Fairy-land, and there are those to whom it comes. Keep the doors fast and let no one in; for the sprites of the forest are ever ready for mischief; and have an eye on those spider-spinners. They are so long about the coverlets that the Queen is getting impatient. If you are lonely, talk to the birds or practice your dancing, and we shall see what we shall see."

Now Myrtilla's eloquence, like that of mortals, was very satisfactory to herself; and, putting on her mouse-skin cloak, she whirled away over the tree-tops, so well satisfied with herself that she must needs stop the goblin of the brook and a sprite or two of the mist, that she happened to meet, to tell them how "Steina's god-daughter ruled her house, and Muta had run away with a gay young Northern Light, while Lilla was content to stay at home and spin, and never even guessed that she was fair."

But Lilla sat looking into the cedar-wood fire, and saying, "I am tired of talking to the birds, who tell me nothing but how the young Robins are coming on, and what little eaves-droppers are the Wrens, and what airs the Oriole takes; and as for my dancing, the very mention reminds me of that ridiculous old Grasshopper, with his green tights, and his little fiddle, and his everlasting whir-r, ma'm'selle, that is the very air of the Fairy Queen; and as for the Spiders, I am afraid of them. They look as if they could eat me up."

And the fire roared the words up the chimney, and the pines that stood thick about the old castle caught it up, and whispered about it till the zephyrs got hold of it, and these told it to the brooks, and presently there wasn't so much as a violet in the forest that had not heard how Lilla was discontented and moping in the old castle; and there arose such a buzzing, and humming, and whispering on the subject, that Lilla, hearing it, began to wonder what it was all about.

So she called to a Sparrow, passing by; and said the Sparrow,

"There is a Fairy Prince coming hither."

But Lilla answered,

"The Prince, whatever that may be, must go further, then; for godmother bade me open the doors to none."

And, sitting down at a golden wheel, she began to spin stuff for pansy-leaves, singing the while the Song of the Giants of Fire; yet ever and anon she caught herself wondering what like was this Fairy Prince; for in her whole life she had seen no one but her godmother; and while she was singing came hosts of wild sunbeams and tittering flower-sprites, tapping at the window; but Lilla hardly stopped to shake her head at them, for she knew their tricks of old; and then followed a whistle and a gruff voice, as the wind went about the castle, trying every door and casement, and threatening to blow the roof off; but Lilla stinted her song none the more for that, for the castle was charmed with a fairy spell, and would open to none without her will.

The day went on and drew toward the close; and though there are five hundred verses in the Song of the Giants, Lilla had sung them all; and though there was stuff for six hundred thousand pansies, she spun so fast that now, at twilight, they were done. The stir and whisper, too, in the forest had quite died away; and, as Lilla sat before the fire, she began once more to wonder what the Sparrow meant by his Fairy Prince.

Came just then a soft tap at the door.

"Who is there?" cried Lilla.

"Miste, Prince of Fogge," answered a voice, "who has traveled thither from Fairy-land for love of you."

"Alas!" returned Lilla, "you must go away. I am bidden to keep the doors fast."

"I saw your godmother in Fairy-land," pursued the sweet voice. "The Fairy Queen has taken to violet stockings of late, and none but Myrtilla can shape them. She has three days' work before her."

"I dare not," sighed Lilla.

"Then I must die. Fairy princes, and specially the children of the mist, always die for love."

"Why do you love me?"

"Because you have hair like sunbeams, and eyes like a June heaven at noon, and a sweeter voice than any Fay in Fairydom.

Now Lilla knew all the tales in the book of the Sages, and the Songs of the Giants, and the Fables of the Birds; but none of these were half so witty and interesting as a prince (whatever that might be) who could tell her, "You are so lovely that all must love you. How then can you blame me?" And if she were only quite sure that her godmother was busy with violet stockings and thinking nothing of her—

It was very still without: what if he were dead! He had said that he should die for love of her! If she could be certain that her godmother wouldn't find her out and shut her up for a thousand years with the Witch of the Sea, or Jack Frost!

Just then an owl began with his great coarse voice.

"Towhit! towho! Here is a fine fool of a Fairy Prince dying for a girl who hasn't the spirit to open a door and take a look at him."

"I *am* going to open the door!" cried Lilla, angrily.

But the words were hardly uttered when a handsome young man stood before her.

"Your will, not the door, was between us," he said, with a cold smile that made Lilla (though she could hardly tell why) wish him well outside again. She had not time, however, for a word, for just then came a tremendous prancing of beetles, and a bouncing at the door. Myrtilla had come back.

Then Lilla wrung her hands and cried to the fire, "Hide him!" but, "No," said the fire, "I should burn him."

And she ran to the fountain and prayed it to shelter him; but, "No," gurgled the nymph, "I should drown him!" "Then," said the Prince, "have no fear;" and, wrapping his cloak about him, became invisible.

Myrtilla meanwhile was in a rage.

"Let me in!" she cried, thumping at the door. "I hear your whispering within."

Lilla went trembling and undid the door.

"Now I've caught you!" exclaimed her godmother, bouncing in, but stopped short in surprise at seeing Lilla quite alone. "Some one has been here," she began. "The birds and the brooks told me of it, and yet the bolt has not been drawn. The door-stone was charmed, and it was echoing with a strange footstep, and yet I see no prints on the floor, which is like snow for every foot but yours and mine."

"I know nothing of your birds, and brooks, and charmed door-stones," answered Lilla. "For all company I have had the hooting of an old owl who lives in the pine yonder. Perhaps, however, he is a Prince in disguise."

"Prince? how know you that there is such a thing?" asked the fairy, sharply.

Lilla sat down at her empty wheel and began to spin in a violent hurry.

"What are you doing there?" demanded Myrtilla. "Spinning air?"

"I want to keep in practice."

Here the Prince, who, though invisible, hovered about her, gave her hand a gentle squeeze, at which she cried out, "Oh!"

"What is the matter now?" said her godmother.

"Nothing; I was only thinking of the Spiders, who have droned all day."

"But what made you blush?"

"What is that?" said Lilla. "I have never heard the word."

"Humph!" returned the fairy; "it is a word that goes with prince;" and, sitting down, she began to pull off her mullen-leaf leggins.

"Dear Lilla," whispered Prince Miste, "will you come with me?"

"Help me off with these," cried Myrtilla, at the same moment.

"Yes, love," answered Lilla, aloud, quite forgetting what she was about; on which her godmother jumped up in a passion and boxed her ears.

"Are you out of your wits? Go to your room and stay there. Yes, love, indeed!"

Lilla obeyed, weeping; but hardly had she closed the door when Miste, who had followed her, took shape again and stood before her.

"Are you ready to come?" he asked.

"Alas!" sighed Lilla, "the doors are fast, and I have no wings that I can escape through the windows. I must now dim my eyes with weeping, and spin prickly thistle sheaths, or mullen leaves, that are more hateful still. Since, however, I shall see you no more, my Prince, it hardly matters. No one else will ever love me, or know that I have hair and eyes at all."

At this the owl commenced again,

"Lilla has had her ears boxed, and is going to bed like a great school-girl."

"I wish I were dead!" she sobbed, pulling at her golden hair for spite.

"Better become as I am," said the Prince.

On Lilla's finger was an opal holding a jet of flame, that quivered and leaped continually, and paled only at the approach of danger. Looking at it now she saw that it had grown dim, and drew back.

"Oh! you believe in stones rather than in me," said Miste, scornfully, floating out at the window.

"Hoo! hoo!" cried the owl, "leave her, Prince Miste, to spin and get her ears boxed. It is what she is fit for."

"Stop!" exclaimed Lilla, "I will become as you are, whatever that may be."

The cloud returned, it wrapped her round, it seemed to penetrate her with cold and dread. The flame in the opal had gone out and was dead, like her heart that seemed turning to ice. She herself was losing shape and outline; her rounded limbs, her bright hair, her lovely face, fading into blank whiteness, thinning away into mist, till, like a breath, she floated from the window into the forest, quivering all about her with ominous laughter.

Once there the winds seized her. They hunted her across wild moors and fearful wastes; she was shuddering with cold and terror, torn by jagged rocks and boughs, longing for rest.

"Let us stop here," she cried, "and give me back my shape!"

"Nay," returned the Prince, "you became as I, and your mortal form once gone it is lost forever, for the sprites of the mist change not in essence. They are always cold at heart; they find no rest; they are the sport of every breeze; and they flee before all things. You must abide by the choice you have made."

So Lilla wanders over desolate seas and barren hills, a mist wreath forever.

THE GOOD-NATURED MAN WITH ONE EYE.

ABOUT half-way between two small towns whose names are unimportant, there is or was a wayside inn called the Traveler's Delight. Its name was probably a mistake, or it might have been a satire, since the Traveler's Delight presented an aspect by no means delightful; indeed, a timid traveler would have been apt to turn from it with a shudder, as intolerably desolate and gloomy, and prefer pressing on at all risks to making trial of it.

One evening, however, at dusk, a horse laboring under the weight of two persons, a man-servant and a lady on a pillion—you must remember that it is a long time since this happened—stopped before the door of the Traveler's Delight.

"We must be wrong, I know," said the servant. "I don't remember any inn on the road." Whereupon he proceeded to make some inquiries of a surly-looking host, and then turned to the lady. "We have missed the turning, and are some miles from the right way. What is to be done?"

The lady—we will call her Mrs. Benson—looked at the darkening night, and shivered as a blast of wind went howling by.

"Is there accommodation for us here? But I think we had better go on."

The servant, however, was not inclined to go on. There was plenty of accommodation for his mistress, he said, and the horse was dead beat. As for himself, the landlord said there was an outhouse he could sleep in; and he was sure his master would not like Mrs. Benson to peril her health and safety by going on in the cold dark night.

The lady suffered herself to be persuaded, and entered the house. A woman with an unpleasant face came to meet her. When Mrs. Benson saw this woman she looked again at the dark road hesitatingly, but the horse had been taken to the stable, and the servant was not to be seen.

"Can I have a private room?" inquired the lady.

"A bedroom, of course. But there's no sitting-room, except the house-place. You'll find it warm and comfortable, and can have the best seat."

By this time the outer door was shut and fastened, and Mrs. Benson taking courage in the thought that at least her servant was somewhere within call, made a virtue of necessity, and accepted the offered best seat with seeming satisfaction.

Supper was placed before her, which the landlord and his wife shared at her request.

During the meal there was a violent knocking at the outer door, and when it was opened there entered a tall, broad-shouldered man, with one eye, and a shock head of red hair.

"Can I have a bed?" was the query.

"Well, I suppose you can, if the missis and me gives up our room. It won't be the first time we've had to camp in the house-place."

"Sorry to put you out. Thank you, I think I *will* take a mouthful."

No one had invited the new-comer to take a mouthful, and as he helped himself his one eye turned on the strange lady. Mrs. Benson could not help returning the look with interest, the man had such a comical face; and then his hair was the reddest she had ever seen, and the whole man seemed to be jolly with an expression of grotesque good-nature. At some surly remark of the landlord's this queer one eye looked at the lady again quickly; its owner gave a comical sidelong nod toward the host, and then the eye twinkled, as much as to say: "He's a queer-tempered chap; but don't be frightened—I'll protect you."

In fact, Mrs. Benson felt quite a sense of security in the presence of the good-natured man, and was sorry when his huge supper came to an end.

"Well, then, I'll turn in," he said, pushing his plate away, "if the master here will be good enough to show me the room, for I'm tired. Good-night, missis—servant, ma'am."

Then Mrs. Benson fancied that the sour face of the hostess grew sourer still; it fairly scowled at her, but she did not feel at all inclined to go to bed. There was no alternative, however; she could not sit up all night where she was, because the master and mistress had expressed their intention of remaining there. She asked for her servant, and was told that he had retired to his outhouse for the night; there was no further pretext for lingering, so she accepted the repeated offer of the lady to show her to her room.

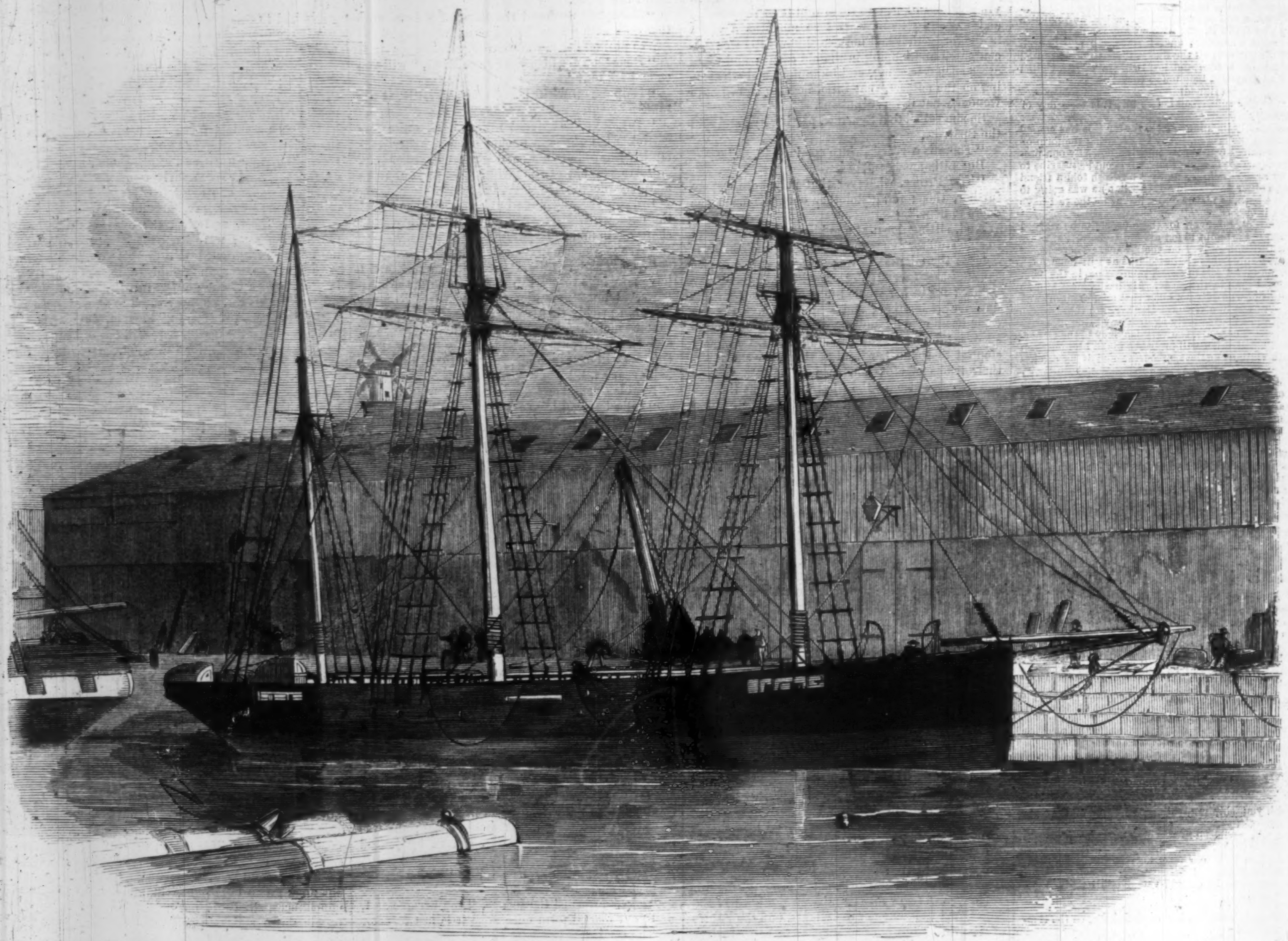
When she got inside that room, Mrs. Benson's first impulse was to lock the door, and as she did so the key came out in her hand. Not satisfied with the lock, which looked crazy, she proceeded to pile every movable article of furniture against the door; that done, she turned to the fire, which was burning cheerfully. While she stood there meditating upon the insufficiency of the furniture for a barricade, the door-key, which she was twisting about in her fingers, dropped into the ashes. Mrs. Benson stooped to pick it up, and as she stooped, with her face bent in an upside-down position, a gleam of fire sent its light underneath the bed behind her. It flashed upon a shock head of the reddest hair she had ever seen. Mrs. Benson raised her head again rather quickly. The first tangible idea that presented itself in the dizziness that crept over her was to pull away the barricade, and call for help. But long before a sound could be made audible below, her fate might, and doubtless would be decided. Then she thought of professing aloud to have forgotten something which she must go to fetch, but, thinking of all the circumstances, she could not help believing the sour people down stairs to be in league with the red man, so that certain death must follow that move, even if the robber were not too wide awake to permit the ruse. She had heard of its being done, and so no doubt had he, and he would understand it. Besides all this, she had not found the key, and somehow she shrank from bending down again to search for it. Who knew what she might encounter the next time? A knife, a pistol, or that one gleaming eye; and some startled motion might cause the robber to suspect her knowledge of his presence. No, she could not look for the key.

A little while longer Mrs. Benson stood warming her hands at the fire, then she turned round to examine the position of the bed, and yawned aloud. She saw that the bed had been drawn down so as to leave a small space between its low head and the wall, and it occurred to her that this arrangement had been made by the robber, who would doubtless prefer to emerge behind, where there would be least chance of the victim catching sight of him, and so unnecessary noise might be avoided.

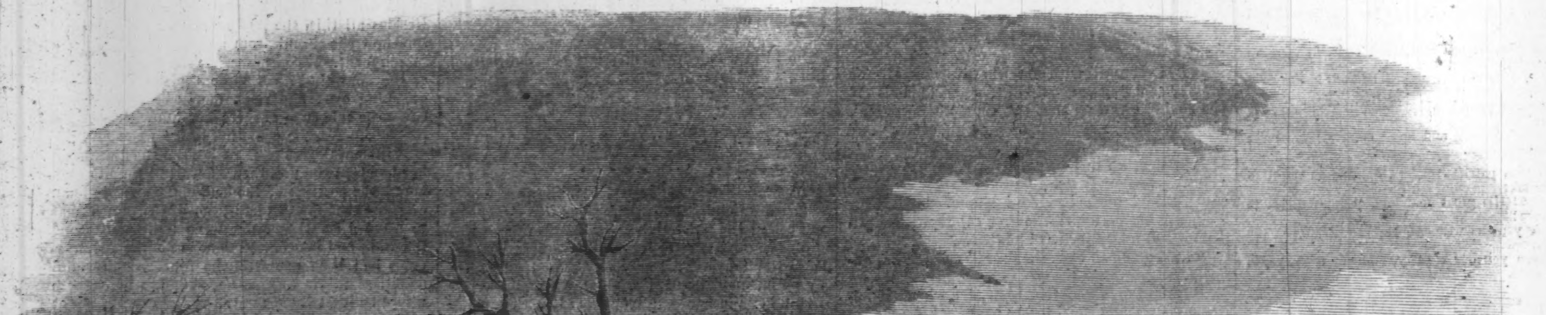
By reason of her light barricade on one side, and the wall on the other, she would have to creep in at the foot of the bed. After thinking over her position as calmly as was possible under the circumstances, she took a strong thick woolen scarf of unusual length, which had been wrapped over her chest for the journey, and tied behind; and putting out the candle, she got into bed, yawning again audibly. The fire burned low in the grate, and the room grew nearly dark. If any one could have looked into it, they would have seen on the bed a crouching figure, holding in its two hands the two ends of a scarf—one of these ends being slipped through a long loose knot on the other, and a pair of large eager eyes straining upon that fatal space between the bed-head and the wall.

A clock struck down below. Mrs. Benson could hear the dull whirring sound of every stroke in the silent house, and a hysterical desire to scream seized her; but just then there was a slight dragging noise under the bed, and her eyes were again fixed in that strained watchfulness. The dragging came nearer the wall, slowly. The watcher had well calculated that the form of her terrible visitor must push itself up head first, shoulders flat against the wall, and the arms comparatively pinioned. The hideous chance was that it might come up on one side or the other of the big noose waiting for it. More dragging, then a shock head above the pillow, a stifled, gurgling cry, and the two hands of the watcher were tugging with all their might at the two ends of the woolen scarf.

Chancing to pass by the strange lady's door in the early morning, the sour landlady was startled by the sound of a voice uttering strange sounds, a medley of talking, screaming, and chuckling. She called her husband first, then the lady's servant; and after some altercation the latter insisted on breaking open the door. A clatter of falling furniture followed; and edging themselves in with some difficulty, they found the lady still in her crouching posture, and still clutching with both hands the ends of the scarf about that ghastly, staring head. At the sight of those three horrified faces she burst into a fit of hysterical crying, which probably saved her reason.



THE ENGLISH PIRATE "ALEXANDRA," SEIZED BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT AT LIVERPOOL.—[See Page 362.]



THE PRISON OVER THE PEARL RIVER, AT JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, WHERE UNION PRISONERS HAVE BEEN CONFINED.—[See Page 362.]

MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

WE publish herewith a portrait of the hero of the day, MAJOR-GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT, Commander of the Army at Vicksburg.

General Grant was born at Point Pleasant, Clairmont Co., Ohio, on 27th April, 1822, and is consequently forty-one years of age. He entered West Point in 1839, and graduated in 1843, with Franklin, Reynolds, Steele, etc. Having entered the Fourth Infantry, he obtained his full commission at Corpus Christi in 1845, and served at all the battles under Taylor. His regiment subsequently joined General Scott, and young Grant figured conspicuously at all the battles of the old hero's campaign. For Molino del Re he got a brevet of First Lieutenant, and for Chapultepec one of Captain. He subsequently obtained his full rank as Captain, and accompanied his regiment to Oregon. In 1854 he resigned his commission, and took up his residence at Galena, Illinois.

On the outbreak of the rebellion he tendered his services to Governor Yates, and was shortly afterward appointed Colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois. On 17th May, 1861, he was commissioned a Brigadier-General, and filled various commands in Missouri and the vicinity. After the capture of Fort Henry, February 6, 1862, a new district was created, under the denomination of the District of West Tennessee, and General Grant was assigned by General Halleck to the command of it on the 14th of that month. He was in command of the Union forces at Fort Donelson from February 13 to 16, 1862, and his noted correspondence with General Buckner gained him the sobriquet of Unconditional Surrender Grant, answering to his initials of U. S. Grant. For the success of that action he was created a Major-General of Volunteers, dating from February 16, 1862.

After a few days he was again ordered into the field, and the manner in which he conducted the action at Shiloh, April 6 and 7, 1862, raised him still higher in public estimation.

He was second in command to General Halleck at the noted siege of Corinth, in May, 1862; and when General Halleck was ordered to Washington, General Grant was placed in command of the Department of Tennessee, embracing all the country west of the Tennessee River, and on both shores of the Mississippi River, from Corinth to Louisiana. He was now placed in command of the Thirteenth Army Corps, and his troops fought the famous battles of I-u-k-a and Corinth, although General Grant did not command in person, being at Jackson, Tennessee, his head-quarters. In December, 1862, he removed his head-quarters to Holly Springs; and on the 22d of that month, his forces having been greatly increased, he divided them into four corps, viz.: the Thirteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Corps of the United States Army.

After the attack and failure of General Sherman at Vicksburg, December 27, 1862, a regular plan of operations had to be worked out, and many schemes were planned and attempted to get into the rear of the rebel strong-hold, either from above or below, among which may be particularized the Yazoo Pass expedition, the Big Sunflower expedition, the Vicksburg Canal, the Lake Providence Canal and Great Union River, and several others; but the one that has most successfully contributed to the grand result was the moving down of his troops overland by way of the Louisiana shore, running transports and gun-boats past the Vicksburg batteries, and so carrying the men across the Mississippi to Bruinsberg and landing them under cover of the gun-boats. These manœuvres have each taken up time, but, with the exception of the last, were mere feints to draw off the attention of the rebels from his main movement. With three out of his four corps of troops he has advanced into the heart of a rebel State, taken its capital, and beaten the rebels in four pitched battles. The *Herald* says:

General Grant is a modest, unassuming man, and on first taking command was regarded as a curiosity by the soldiers on account of his plainness of dress in comparison with the young and new-fledged colonels and less advanced officers, and particularly a shocking bad stove-pipe hat, which he wore for a long time before donning a military tile. The General is a man of business, and very popular with the troops. He appears about forty-five years of age, sandy complexion, reddish beard, medium height, pleasant, twinkling eyes, and he weighs about one hundred and seventy pounds. He smokes

MAJOR-GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT, U.S.A.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

GOVERNOR ANDREW G. CURTIN, OF PENNSYLVANIA.—[SEE PAGE 362.]

CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 362.]

continually. He is a strict disciplinarian, and an example of General Grant's strict government of the troops in his department will be gathered from the following: On the night of the 7th of November a portion of the Twentieth regiment Illinois volunteer infantry, at Jackson, Tennessee, entered a store and some tents and took therefrom a quantity of goods and destroyed the tents, the damage amounting to $1242 66. Upon complaint of the suffering party, and a failure to ferret out the men guilty of the offense, the General issued a special field order. The two sections embodying the penalty will be read with interest. They read as follows: 1. That the said sum of $1242 66 be assessed against said regiment and the officers herein named (the names being given), excepting such enlisted men as were at the time sick in the hospital or absent with proper authority; that the same be charged against them on the proper muster and pay rolls, and the amount each is to pay noted opposite his name thereon, the officers to be assessed *pro rata* with the men on the amount of their pay proper; and that the same so collected will be paid by the commanding officer of the regiment to the parties entitled to the same. 2. That Captain Orton Frisbee and Captain John Zunison, of the Twentieth Illinois infantry volunteers, for willful neglect of duty and violation of orders, are hereby mustered out of the service of the United States, to take effect this day.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Sent free by mail for 60 cents.

Dyspepsia Tablets,

For INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, &c.—Manufactured only by S. G. WELLING, No. 207 Centre St., New York. Price 50 cents per box. Sold by Druggists generally.

Agents and Dealers.

Something New. Patent Match Safe, for vest pocket, a thing of beauty and usefulness combined. Samples by mail, 50 cts. S. W. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., N. Y.

Barnum's American Museum.

GEN. TOM THUMB AND WIFE,

COM. NUTT and MINNIE WARREN,

The Four Smallest Human Beings in the world, all together

Weighing but 100 Pounds.

Admission 25 cents. Children under 10, 15 cents.

CHLOASMA, OR MOTH PATCHES.

Blemishes on the face, called Moth, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, as the discolored spots on the skin show more strongly on blondes than on brunettes, but they contribute greatly in marring the beauty on either; and any thing that will remove moth patches without injuring the skin in texture or color, would no doubt be considered a great achievement in medical science. Dr. B. C. PERRY, having devoted his whole time and attention to Diseases of the Skin, will guarantee to remove Moth Patches, Freckles, and other discolorations from the face without injury to either texture or color of the skin. His success in this, as in other branches of his speciality—DISEASES OF THE SCALP and LOSS OF HAIR—will warrant him in guaranteeing a CURE IN EVERY CASE. *For full particulars*, address, enclosing stamp for a circular,

DR. B. C. PERRY, No. 49 Bond Street, New York.

All Consultations Free.

Agents Wanted.

Send stamp for circulars. Rice & Co., 37 Park Row, N.Y.

Portable Printing Offices.

For the use of Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to do their own Printing. Circular sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., on receipt of two 3 ct. stamps. ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 Park Row, N. Y.

BLOOD'S HELIX NEEDLES

BLOOD & CO., Manufacturers and Importers, Office 335 Broadway, Moffatt's Building, cor. Worth Street, Manufacturers of superior Needles for all Sewing Machines. Send for Circular.

Musquito Shield or Guard.

J. HAVENS PATENT.—For the Army, Navy, Travelers, Sick or Wounded, or any one who is troubled with musquitoes, flies, or dust. Price from 87 cents to $2. Sample sent free on receipt of $1 25. Send for circular.
HAVEN & CO., Manufacturers,
No 80 Nassau St., Room No. 22, N. Y.

GLASS LETTERS.

Gilded or stained. Generally adapted for first-class store windows. More attractive, lasting, and therefore cheaper than ordinary gilding. Painters order. Brass, wood, porcelain, and other letters. Depot 107 Fulton St., N. Y.

By Miss Thackeray.

The

STORY OF ELIZABETH.

Re-printed from the "CORNHILL MAGAZINE."

This admirable story is having a wide popularity in England, and is generally attributed by the English press to Miss THACKERAY, the daughter of the novelist.

In a neat 16mo vol., paper cover, being the first issue of a "STANDARD SERIES." *Price Thirty Cents.* Mailed, free of postage, on receipt of price.

J. G. GREGORY, Publisher,
No. 46 Walker Street, New York.

The Book of Gems.—The greatest work of the age. With 50 Illustrations. Queer, curious, and exciting. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents, by F. G. WATSON, Publisher, New York. Send stamp for a Catalogue.

ALL THAT IT CLAIMS TO BE.

So many compounds for the hair are offered for sale and unduly praised, that we confess we had no expectation of finding in *Burnett's Cocoaine* the qualities which it was said to possess. In this we have been disappointed. Members of our family who have tried it, indorse it as possessing superior hair-dressing properties; while its freedom from greasiness, the lustre that it imparts to hair, and its economy, have given it a permanent place on the toilet table.

We have no hesitancy in recommending it as being *equal to all that it claims to be.—Chicago New Covenant.*

A CARD.

Owing to the increased cost of all material used in the manufacture of Cocoaine and our other preparations, we have been compelled to advance the price. Our standard QUANTITY and QUALITY will remain unimpaired.

JOS. BURNETT & CO., Boston.

Sold by all druggists throughout the country.

Rich Novelties!!
Rich Novelties!!
Rich Novelties!!

Gold Mounted Jet Enamel Vest Chains.

Unique in design and unsurpassed in appearance!

This is an article but recently introduced, of which we are the patentees and sole manufacturers: they have already become one of the most popular, fashionable, and saleable ornaments of the day. PRICES: Small size, $18 per gross. Medium size, $24 per gross. Large size, $36 per gross. Assorted, four dozen of each size, $26. All have patent bar and improved swivel attached, with gold mountings of different designs. *Sold only by the gross.*

Suttlers, Jobbers, and General dealers will find them well worthy their attention; they give a profit of 500 per cent.

Chains, in grosses only, will be sent by express with bill payable on delivery. Buyers in disloyal states, or any part thereof, must send cash in advance, as we can not collect from them. Address

Weybosset Enamel Chain Co.,
171 *Broadway, New York.*

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

For the Rapid Cure of

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION,

and for the relief of consumptive patients in advanced stages of the disease.

We need not speak to the public of its virtues. Throughout every town, and almost every hamlet of the American States, its wonderful cures of pulmonary complaints have made it already known. Nay, few are the families in any civilized country on this continent without some personal experience of its effects; and fewer yet the communities anywhere which have not among them some living trophy of its victory over the subtle and dangerous diseases of the throat and lungs. While it is the most powerful antidote yet known to man for the formidable and dangerous diseases of the pulmonary organs, it is also the pleasantest and safest remedy that can be employed for infants and young persons. Parents should have it in store against the insidious enemy that steals upon them unprepared. We have abundant grounds to believe the *Cherry Pectoral* saves more lives by the consumptions it prevents than those it cures. Keep it by you, and cure your colds while they are curable, nor neglect them until no human skill can master the inexorable canker that, fastened on the vitals, eats your life away. All know the dreadful fatality of lung disorders, and as they know, too, the virtues of this remedy, we need not do more than to assure them it is still made the best it can be. We spare no cost, no care, no toil to produce it the most perfect possible, and thus afford those who rely on it the best agent which our skill can furnish for their cure.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER,
Practical and Analytical Chemist,
Lowell, Mass.

And sold by all Druggists and Dealers in medicine everywhere.

THE BOWERY CLOTHING CO.

106 BOWERY NEAR GRAND ST.
SIGN OF THE BULLETIN,
NEW YORK.

RETURNED VOLUNTEERS

ATTENTION!

THE BOWERY CLOTHING COMPANY,

No. 106 Bowery, near Grand St.,

(Sign of the Bulletin),

Will supply your wants in the

CLOTHING

line, at lower prices than the lowest of any other establishment. Call and see for yourselves.

Soldiers Attention!—Pain, disease, and exposure, with a hot climate, muddy water, and bad diet will be unavoidable; but armed with HOLLOWAY'S PURIFYING & STRENGTHENING PILLS you can endure all these and still retain good health. Only 25 cents per box.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to D. Adee, 381 Pearl St., N. Y. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

Schaffer, Son, & Co.

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF ALL THE LEADING RICH AND MOST POPULAR STYLES OF JEWELRY, WITH THE VIEW OF INCREASING THEIR BUSINESS TO AN UNLIMITED EXTENT, OFFER THE FOLLOWING ELEGANT ORNAMENTS AT THE UNSURPASSED LOW PRICES FOLLOWING:

VEST CHAINS, of many new and original styles. Parisian, new, $1. Hexagon, intricate, $2. All-the-Go, stranded, $3. Peace Keepsake, $5. Demoniac, heavy, $6. Alexandra, $8.

LADIES' SETS OF JEWELRY, consisting of Pin and Ear Drops to correspond. Florentine, Paintings, and Jet, per set, $2. Enameled and Chased, $3. Coral, intwined, $3. Garnet, Turquois, brilliant, &c., $5. Stone, Mosaic, or Im. Diamond, $8.

RINGS, of the most fashionable and desirable styles. Plain, Scale, Seal, and Chased, $1. Signet and Shield, all sizes, $2. Fancy Stone Signet, $3. California Diamond, $5. Enameled, in cluster, $8.

BOSOM AND SCARF PINS. Handsomely mounted, and of all fashionable designs, Scroll and Leaf, $1. Clutched Hand, with stone, $2. Brazilian Diamond, $3. Cluster, Im. Diamond, $5. Ditto, with handsome pin, ball, and chain, $6.

SLEEVE BUTTONS AND STUDS, in sets. An extensive variety of patterns, comprising every conceivable design. Engine-turned and engraved, $1. Solitaire, unique and handsome, $2. Ditto, enameled, with stones, $3.

LOCKETS, all double glasses. Engine-turned and engraved, $1. Larger, $2. An imitation of a lady's watch, a superb ornament, $4. Ditto, superior, $5.

GOLD PENS AND PENCILS, made by ourselves, and warranted. Silver mounted, extension, holder and pen, $1. Ditto, larger size, $2. Business, a very superior article, $3.

Parties wishing any of the above have only to remit the price in a letter plainly addressed, as below, and the articles will be sent by return mail free of expense.

☞ ON ORDERS OF ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS AND UPWARD, A DISCOUNT OF TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. WILL BE DEDUCTED FROM THE ABOVE PRICES. ☜ Great inducements offered Sutlers, Gift Enterprises, &c. Address

SCHAFFER, SON, & CO.,
169 *Broadway, New York.*

HILTON'S INSOLUBLE CEMENT

Is not a combination of Glue, Rubber, or Gutta Percha, and will not decompose or become corrupt.

It is the only Liquid Cement extant that will stick Patches and Linings to Boots and Shoes sufficiently strong without stitching, and effectually mend broken Furniture, Crockery, Toys, Bone, Ivory, and articles of household use.

It is a liquid. It is insoluble in water or oil. It will adhere oily substances firmly and completely.

HILTON BROTHERS & CO.,
Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

Put up in packages for Family and Manufacturers' use from 2 oz. to 100 lbs.

For sale by all Druggists, and Dealers in Leather Findings, &c.

150 Needles 25 Cents.

BARTLETT'S BURNISHED NEEDLES "Sew Easier." All sizes. Free by mail. Bartlett's Needle and Sewing Machine Furnishing Depot, 442 Broadway, N. Y.

ΙΩΔΗΣ.

IODINE WATER.

Dr. H. ANDERS & CO., Physicians and Chemists, 428 Broadway, N. Y. Circulars sent free.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

TO THE MARTYRS OF LIVER COMPLAINT.—Among the wonderful medical properties which have rendered HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS pre-eminent among the health-restoring preparations of the age, its anti-bilious virtues are not the least remarkable. No words can do justice to its marvelous effect upon the diseased liver. Perhaps the simple words of a convalescent sufferer, who describes it as "going right to the spot," tell the story as clearly as may be. It *does* go right to the spot. It operates directly upon the disordered organ, and whether unduly active or in a state of paralysis, restores it to a condition of health. The sickness at the stomach, pain between the shoulders and in the right side, yellow suffusion of the skin, costiveness, drowsiness and languor, dimness of sight, colic, palpitation of the heart, dry cough, low fever, and other symptoms, which indicate the various phases of acute and chronic liver complaint, are one and all promptly relieved, and finally removed, by the action of this famous preparation, which is at once the best of correctives, the gentlest and most genial of aperients, an infallible regulator, and a powerful restorative. Persons of a bilious habit, who use the Bitters as a protective medicine, will never suffer the pains and penalties of liver disease or bilious remittent fever. This, the proprietors guarantee.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.
DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 428 BROADWAY.

National Union League PINS.

Superior in design and unsurpassed in finish. Price per hundred, $6; per thousand, $50.

Sent by mail or express, pre-paid. Address sole Manufacturers, SALISBURY, BRO. & CO.,
Providence, R. I.

"Noses" and their Significance.

Roman, Grecian, Indian, Negro, Celestial, pug, long, short, thick, sharp, aquiline, "turn ups," and Jewish Noses, with the "why and wherefore" of these varieties. Portraits and characters of our leading Generals, and other officers, with their Phrenology, Physiolgy, Physiognomy, and Psychology. Also Ethnology, Anthropology, &c., given in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and LIFE ILLUSTRATED. A new vol. begins with July No. $1 50 a year, or 15 cents a Number. Address

FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Union League Badge.

An Emblematic Silver-plated Badge of the Union Party of the United States. PRICES: per hundred, $10. Per thousand (to Clubs), $80. Single Badges, 15 Cents by mail. Address

JOHN W. EVERETT,
P. O. Box 1614, or 111 Fulton Street, New York.

National Union League.

To the Trade.

The above design is the one adopted by this organization as emblematical of the Order. It is a Pin in fine 16 k. gold plate, enamelled red, white, and blue. We will send samples to the trade upon receipt of $1 00. We have different styles and cheaper qualities, which we offer with our large assortment of Jewelry very cheap to cash buyers.

E. N. FOOTE & CO.,
Manufacturers Jewelry, 208 Broadway, New York.

Artificial Legs and Arms, Selpho's Patent, 516 Broadway, N. Y., are the best substitutes for lost limbs the World of Science has ever invented. (Established 24 years.) Send for Pamphlet. Soldiers supplied.

10,000,000 GLEASON'S SAVED KEROSENE CRATER

Will cook a [ox] Steak (4 in. [square] ¾ in. thick,) in 13½ minutes, on a Coal Oil [lamp] at a cost of less than ¼ of [ONE CENT]; make a [cup] of T in 7 minutes; Toast four slices of [bread] in 3 minutes; boil or fry [eggs] in 3 minutes; warm drinks, food, &c. for the sick or [infant] in 2½ minutes;

It will also prevent the breaking of chimneys, and save the trouble and expense of making more than ten million of fires annually. Used on any Kerosene lamp without obscuring the light (no smoke or odor). Price 25 cents. Sold at lamp stores. Also by E. P. GLEASON, Manufacturer, 135 Mercer St., N. Y.

Orders from the trade solicited.

Cure of Gravel in Two Weeks.

LEE, Oneida Co., N. Y., Jan. 27, 1862.

Dr. B. Brandreth:

MY DEAR SIR: I received your letter acknowledging draft on Metropolitan Bank for thirty dollars, *for Brandreth's Pills*, which have been largely sold in this town for the last thirty years.

Within a few weeks one of the most respectable of our citizens was sorely afflicted with gravel; no less than eight medical men were called in with a view to giving relief to the severe pain, which caused the patient to utter piercing cries, which were heard a block. The doctors exerted their skill in vain; as a last resort *Brandreth's Pills* were purchased from me. The first dose of six gave ease, and two boxes effected a perfect cure within two weeks. In our town, there are persons who have been cured of almost every disease by the use of these Pills. Be sure and see my "new supply are fresh *Pills* and new style.

Your Friend and Agent, of many years standing.

ASA FILLMORE.

In all cases, be sure and get NEW STYLE BRANDRETH'S PILLS, and be put off with no other. You thus secure fresh Pills, and the genuine.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 294 Canal Street. Also No. 4 Union Square, and all dealers.

FREE.—GILT METALLIC UNION BADGES GRATUITOUS TO SOLDIERS ONLY! Unconditional Loyalty to the Government should be the Watchword of the Hour. Send two 3 cent stamps for postage.

HUBBARD BROS., *New York.*

WOOL TWINE, in balls and skeins.
Flax and Hemp CARPET WARP,
2 and 3 ply, colored and grey. All kinds of twine and cordage at lowest net cash prices.
H. A. HARVEY, 84 Maiden Lane.

The King Microscope—Double Lens. Prof. Horsford, of Harvard University, says: "It works very well, and you have got it up very neatly." 65 cents. The "S. Woodward" 38, and the "Bowen" Microscopes 28 cts. One of each (3) for $1. Free by mail. T. Edwin King, "Evans Hall," No. 3 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
One Copy for Two Years	5 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100	Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100	Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200	Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500	Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
3000	Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000	Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000	" " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000	Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100	Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000	Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000	Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000	Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000	Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000	Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000	Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000	Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000	Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000	Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

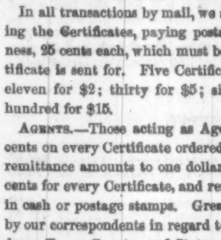
AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

National Union League PINS.

Superior in design and unsurpassed in finish. Price per hundred, $6; per thousand, $50.

Sent by mail or express, pre-paid. Address sole Manufacturers, SALISBURY, BRO. & CO., Providence, R. I.



THE

I.X.L.

PATENT NO CHIMNEY BURNER, for Burning Kerosene or Coal Oil in Fluid Lamps.

Agents wanted in every State of the Union.

Great inducements offered. Send for Circular.

Sample sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address
J. DODIN,
No. 2 Platt Street, N. Y.

SOMETHING NEW AND WONDERFUL.

The most Extraordinary Book ever Published. Just Out. We guarantee satisfaction to every one. Sent free per mail on receipt of Ten Cents. Liberal discount to trade. Agents wanted.
RICHARDS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau St., N.Y. Box 3131.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

To Agents, Sutlers, and others.—We offer great inducements to sell our "Prize Packages," the largest, cheapest, and best out. Every variety to suit the Army, Navy, and Country trade. Prices reduced, and a "splendid Gift of Jewelry" given with each Packet.
G. S. HASKIN & CO.
36 Beekman Street, N. Y.

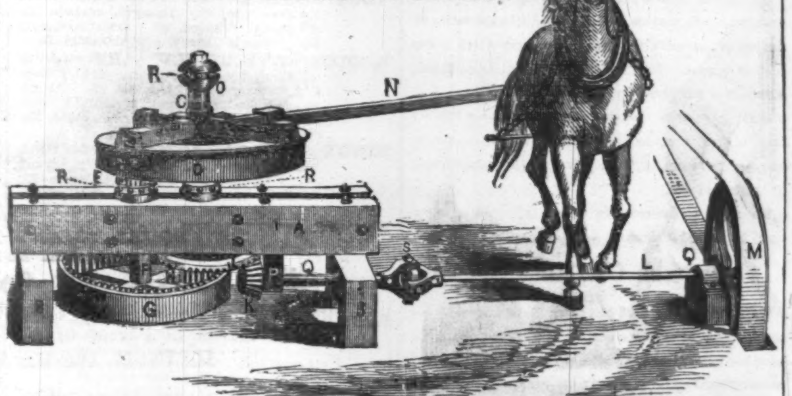
Exempts! Exempts!

Conscription Act now Ready. Official.

Sent free per mail, to any address, on receipt of Five Cents. Agents Wanted. Liberal discount. RICHARDS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau St., Box 3131, N. Y.

DIRECTION LABELS AND TAGS.—All kinds white and colored, printed and plain, in quantities to suit purchasers, at VICTOR E. MAUGER'S, 115 Chambers St.

PORTABLE ANTI-FRICTION HORSE POWER.



These powers have been exhibited at several WESTERN STATE FAIRS, and have ALWAYS taken the HIGHEST PREMIUMS. The friction is reduced by IRON BALLS, which support the entire weight of the castings. Will do the SAME AMOUNT OF WORK as other powers with from **two to four horses less than are generally used.** EVERY MACHINE IS WARRANTED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

Price of Power for 1 to 6 horses (power to be taken from pulley, as above)............ $125 00.
" " with bevel-geared Jack............ 140 00.

☞ SEND FOR CIRCULAR TO **E. H. BENNET,** Patentee, 44 Greene St., New York.

HUBBARD BRO'S IMPORTERS of WATCHES NEW YORK.

Have the pleasure of announcing to their numerous Friends and Patrons in the Army, that they are prepared to fill orders and transmit parcels BY MAIL, with the utmost care and promptitude. Watches so forwarded are *registered;* we take upon ourselves all risks of transportation, and guarantee a safe delivery. Just received, by European steamers, several large importations of that deservingly popular novelty, the

Railway Timekeepers,

WITH HEAVY STERLING SILVER CASES,

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR ARMY SALES.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of Feb. 21, 1863, says: "HUBBARD'S TIMEKEEPERS are becoming proverbial for their accuracy and reliability. They are particularly valuable for officers in the army and travelers."

The *Army and Navy Gazette*, of Philadelphia, in its Number of May 9, reviewing this watch, says: "We are pleased to see that this importation of the HUBBARD BROS. is meeting the enormous sale that such extraordinary enterprise as theirs so richly merits. These watches are novelties produced by no other House, far exceeding other manufactures in point of accuracy and elegance. Fidelity and promptness to their patrons render the House a desirable medium for traders in the Army."

The RAILWAY TIMEKEEPER has HEAVY SOLID STERLING SILVER CASES, beautiful white enamel dial, handsome gold hands, with superior regulated movement, *warranted to run and keep excellent time!* Price per case of half dozen, $54. By mail, $1 65 additional for postage. Should retail readily at from $20 to $50 each. Not sold in quantities of less than six. Also the celebrated

MAGIC TIME OBSERVERS

THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM!

BEING A HUNTING OR OPEN FACE, OR LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S WATCH COMBINED, WITH PATENT SELF-WINDING IMPROVEMENT.

The *N. Y. Illustrated News*, in its issue of Jan. 10th, 1863, on page 147, voluntarily says: "We have been shown a most pleasing novelty, of which the HUBBARD BROS., of New York, are the sole importers. It is called the MAGIC TIME OBSERVER, and is a Hunting and Open Face Watch combined. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery, its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece." Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $204. Sample Watches, in neat morocco boxes, for those proposing to buy at wholesale, $35. If sent by mail the postage is 36 cents.

TERMS CASH! REQUIRED IN ADVANCE IN ALL INSTANCES! Remittances may be made in United States money or draft payable to our order; if sent by express or mail, in a Registered Letter at our risk.

No Circulars or Agents.

☞ WATCHES FOR THE ARMY CAN ONLY BE FORWARDED BY MAIL. ☜ Address

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
North cor. John and Nassau Streets, New York.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and *thriving settlement* of *Vineland. Rich* soil. Good crops of *Wheat, Corn, Peaches,* &c., to be *seen*—only 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful *climate*—20 acre tracts of from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural sent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"*It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.*"

INDIA RUBBER GLOVES

Should be used by every person who is troubled with Salt Rheum or Chapped Hands, rendering them soft and white. They are impervious to hot or cold water, and for housework and gardening are invaluable.

Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00 for Ladies', $1 12 for Gents. O. B. GRAY, 201 Broadway, N. Y.

Every variety of Rubber Goods wholesale and retail.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

$1 VAN ANDEN'S ONE DOLLAR PORTABLE COPYING PRESS. **$1**

Acknowledged by all who have used it to be, in all respects, unequaled. Sent free by mail. Liberal discount to agents and the trade. HANNAH & CO., No. 335 Broadway, N. Y., Room No. 1. Send for a circular.

The wonderful Auto-propelling Horses, Mackenzie's Patent.

Cantering Horses and Racing Ponies run rapidly over any grounds, or good roads, propelled by the weight of the rider. All sizes for adults to those of two years old. Many who have not strength to walk can ride well.

The most charming out-door exercise that has ever been invented. STEPHEN W. SMITH, 498 Broadway, N. Y.

National Union League PINS.

Superior in design and unsurpassed in finish. Price per hundred, $6; per thousand, $50.

Sent by mail or express, pre-paid. Address sole Manufacturers, SALISBURY, BRO. & CO., Providence, R. I.

Just Tribute to Merit.

AT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON, July 11th, 1862,

Duryea's Maizena

Was the only "preparation for food from Indian Corn" that received a medal and honorable mention from the Royal Commissioners, the competition of all prominent manufacturers of "Corn Starch" and "Prepared Corn Flour" of this and other countries notwithstanding. The food and luxury of the age, without a single fault. One trial will convince the most sceptical. Makes Puddings, Cakes, Custards, Blanc Mange, &c., without isin-glass, with few or no eggs, at a cost astonishing the most economical. A slight addition to ordinary Wheat Flour greatly improves Bread and Cake. It is also excellent for thickening sweet sauces, gravies for fish and meat, soups, &c. For Ice Cream nothing can compare with it. A little boiled in milk will produce rich Cream for coffee, chocolate, tea, &c. Put up in 1 pound packages, under the trade-mark "Maizena," with directions. A most delicious article of food for children and invalids of all ages. For sale by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.

Manufactured at Glen Cove, Long Island.
Wholesale Depot, 166 Fulton Street.
WM. DURYEA, General Agent.

DR. STERLING'S AMBROSIA is a stimulating oily extract of Roots, Barks, and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp, and itching of the head; entirely eradicates dandruff; prevents the hair from falling out, or turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. Sold by druggists everywhere. Put up in a box containing two bottles. Price $1.
DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor,
Depot No. 498 Broadway.

National Union League PINS.

Superior in design and unsurpassed in finish. Price per hundred, $6; per thousand, $50.

Sent by mail or express, pre-paid. Address sole Manufacturers, SALISBURY, BRO. & Co., Providence, R. I.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Soldiers discharged for wounds, entitled to bounty, we send our Hand-Book of Information and Circular, with Lists of Prices, by enclosing address, with stamp to pay return postage. SOMES, BROWN & CO., 2 Park Place, New York, and 476 7th Street, Washington, D. C.

MANTILLAS.

BRODIE'S GRAND OPENING

FOR

Spring Mantillas

Took place this Week at

300 Canal Street.

Never before has he made a better DISPLAY,

And claims still to be

"The Leader of Fashions."

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address,
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners,* and 13 other new and curious articles. 15 circulars *free.* SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY penetrates to the very seat of this terrible disease, and exterminates it, root and branch. Price $1 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 612 Broadway.

MOUNT KISCO MILITARY AND COLLEGIATE Institute is a first-class Boarding School for young men and boys. Send for a circular to A. B. WIGGIN, A.M., Prin., Mount Kisco, Westchester County, N. Y.

SPONSALIA MILLINERY ROOMS.

12 Waverly Place.

Madame Benedict, from Rue de la Paix, Paris. Bonnets, Hats, Head-Dresses, Parisian styles.

Heavy Artillery Tactics, 1863.

Instruction for Heavy Artillery; prepared by a Board of Officers, for the use of the Army of the United States. With service of a gun mounted on an iron carriage.

"WAR DEPARTMENT,
"WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 20, 1862.

"This system of Heavy Artillery Tactics, prepared under direction of the War Department, having been approved by the President, is adopted for the instruction of troops when acting as Heavy Artillery.
"EDWIN M. STANTON,
"Secretary of War."

In one volume 12mo; with numerous illustrations. Price $2. This day published by D. VAN NOSTRAND, No. 192 Broadway, New York.

National Union League PINS.

Superior in design and unsurpassed in finish. Price per hundred, $6; per thousand, $50.

Sent by mail or express, pre-paid. Address sole Manufacturers, SALISBURY, BRO. & CO., Providence, R. I.

CANVASSING AGENTS

Of experience WANTED upon the best
ENGLISH AND GERMAN EDITIONS
OF THE
HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION,
And other first-class and good-paying Subscription Books. Address
N. C. MILLER, Publisher of Subscription Books,
No. 3 Park Row, New York.

FOR SALE.

One Hoe News Press, Double Cylinder, Bed 36x60. Price $1500.

One Taylor Drum Cylinder, four Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $1750.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $3500.

Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

---

607 Broadway, New York.

C. W. FRENCH, GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS. Fine *Shirts* and *Collars* MADE TO ORDER. Fine Gauze Merino undershirts $1 50 each, or $15 a doz. Also a large stock of Muslin, Linen, and Jean Drawers of our own make, and warranted to fit.
C. W. FRENCH, 607 Broadway, N. Y.

Next of Kin—Heirs, &c., Wanted—Unclaimed Money—Being exact copies of Advertisements from the English, Colonial, European, American, East Indian, and Australian papers for the last 80 years relating to several thousand names and descriptions of persons wanted to claim property to the value of many millions of pounds sterling, in Great Britain, America, and various parts of the world. Fee to search for name, $3. Copy of advertisement $7, in bankable funds. All letters must be pre-paid. Address
ROBERT GUN (GUN & CO.), 17 Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, London, England.

TRUSSES.—Marsh's Radical Cure Truss Office, corner of Broadway and Ann Street. No connection whatever with any other Truss Office of same name. A female attends Ladies.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N. Y.
☞ Established 1840. ☞ For Specimen by Mail, send two stamps.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS. Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Three packs mailed free on receipt of One Dollar. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,
14 Chambers Street, New York.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

A Pamphlet mailed, post-paid, for $2, containing exact copies of advertisements for persons entitled to property. Address or apply to HENRY HAYS, 649 Broadway, N. Y. Coats of arms found, painted and engraved.